THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. III. JUNE 1, 1817. No. XVIII.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

Owing to the space occupied by the Reviews of the Exhibitions, we have been obliged to defer several contributions till our next.

We beg Mr. James Quin *to accept our best thanks for his friendly communication, from which we learn, with equal concern and surprise, that we have incurred the displeasure of some of our subscribers in the* Isle of Man, *by the insertion of a* jeu d'esprit *in our sixteenth Number. We assure them, that the author of the obnoxious lines is unknown to us, and that, for ought we can tell, they may have been written these fifty years. We entreat them to make due allowance for the licence claimed by* poets *to deal in* fictions; *and in proof of our sincere desire to do every justice to the* Isle of Man *and its inhabitants, we refer them to the sober* prose *account given at p.* 154 *of the preceding Number of the Repository. It will give us great pleasure to afford farther evidence of this disposition, if any of our correspondents or subscribers in the island, or elsewhere, will furnish us with farther details, either relative to its topography, local beauties and advantages, or to the present state of society and manners in this interesting and improving portion of the British dominions.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. Serjeant, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. Guy, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

Vol. III.	June 1, 1817.	No. XVIII.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 32.—AN ICE-HOUSE.

A COMMAND of heat and cold is so valuable towards a full possession of the innocent enjoyments of life, that the cultivation of them as luxuries might be expected in a degree much greater than we find them even among the affluent, or those most studious of health or comfort. Baths, that in other countries, and from early times, have been considered as essential parts of healthful economy, are not in common nor in frequent use with us, being resorted to merely as restoratives to health, rather than as preventions of disease, or as the means of occasional refreshment; and this is the more extraordinary, as our country is subject to such variations of temperature, that the warm and cold baths, if used properly, must become delightful resources of relief, towards correcting the injuries incident to such rapid changes and such extremes of transition as sometimes occur with us, and which are attended with no little violence to our comfort and our constitutions. We possess also the means of preserving a certain degree of cold, and though it does not afford benefits parallel with the importance of those we obtain by a command of the more active element fire, yet it is worth an extent of cultivation that it has never obtained with us: for in this country there are but few conservatories of ice, except in the metropolis, from which the public can be supplied; and the few that are possessed by noblemen and others of fortune, are not sufficiently spacious, nor sufficiently used, to give the advantages they are otherwise capable of affording.

Beyond the common uses of assisting in the department of the confectioner, the ice-house forms an excellent larder for the preservation of every kind of food that is injured by excessive heat in summer; thus fish, game, poultry, butter, &c. may be kept for a considerable time: indeed, in London they are used for such purposes by

persons who deal largely in either fish or venison; and for the table, where coolness is desirable, the use of ice in summer is a great luxury.

By the proper introduction of ice into apartments in close and sultry days, streams of cool and refreshing air are produced that no other means can obtain; for the air that is cooled by the ice being urged forward by the warm air, continued currents are produced, that prove to be as salutary as agreeable.

The preservation of ice is by no means difficult; coolness, dryness, and a confinement from external air, are all that are required; and in some warm countries, and in Italy in particular, great use is made of chaff towards the preservation of ice. The ice-house for this purpose is then only a deep hole dug in the ground on the side of a hill, from the bottom of which a drain is made to let out the water that is occasioned by the partial melting of the ice. If the ground is tolerably dry, they do not line the sides with any thing, but fill the pit with pure snow, or with ice taken from the purest and clearest water; because they do not, as is customary with us, set the bottles in the ice, but really mix it with the wine itself. They first cover the bottom of the hole with chaff, and then lay in the ice, not letting it any where touch the sides, but ramming in a large bed of chaff all the way between; thus they carry on the filling to the top, and then cover the surface with chaff, making a further covering of thatch to preserve it from the weather, and in this manner it will keep as long as they please: when they take any of it out for use, they wrap the lump up in chaff, and it may then be carried to a considerable distance without waste or running. The best situation for the ice-house is the side of a hill, and the best soil is chalk or gravel; its aspect should be to the south-east if possible, as the damps which collect in the porches are more pernicious than warmth, and the morning sun will expel them.

The design contained in the annexed plate is for an ice-house, calculated for an embellishment to the grounds of a nobleman, and contains in its plan and section all the requisites to the construction of an ice-well. It shews the double wall for drainage of surrounding water or damps; the porches *a* and *b* to exclude the external air; the air-traps and drain *c c*, to carry off the meltings of the ice, and to prevent the passage of air up the drain, which would prove fatal to the purpose; and *d* represents the mouth of the drain terminating in a pond, to which an iron grating should be affixed, to prevent the ingress of rats and other vermine, that frequently destroy an ice-well without exhibiting the cause which admits a concealed passage of air into the cell, or chief apartment of the building.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

MEMOIR OF SIR ROBERT WIGRAM, BART.

In presenting our readers with biographical sketches of living characters, we are at all times actuated by a desire to gratify a laudable spirit of inquiry on the one hand, and to promote emulation on the other; and perhaps it would be difficult to select one more calculated to accomplish these objects than that of Sir Robert Wigram, especially at a period like the present, when the distresses of our countrymen, calling for an active exercise of national and individual benevolence, have aroused the feelings, and stimulated the liberality, of the opulent in behalf of suffering indigence — circumstances which, to those who know the subject of this memoir, his enlarged soul and sympathising heart, will sufficiently account for his being called to preside at the recent meetings for effecting an amelioration of extensive calamity.

Clearly to develope the springs of human action, circumstantially to narrate the progress of the mind from infancy to maturity, from vigour to decay, and faithfully to delineate the particulars of the lives of persons worthy to be held up to public admiration, are the most important, as well as the most pleasing, occupations of the biographer; and though there are considerable difficulties to encounter in giving portraits of living characters, so as to avoid incurring the imputation of servile flattery on the one hand, or private pique on the other; in this case we have nothing to fear, fully convinced that it is not the glitter and blaze of grandeur, it is not the coronet, the title, or the riches to which a man may have arrived, that should occupy our contemplation, or bias our opinions; but it is the means by which they have been attained, the motives to action, and not the results alone, that should command approval, or induce condemnation.

Sir Robert Wigram is descended from the family of Patrick Fitz-Wigrom, one of the citizens of Wexford in Ireland, who besieged and made prisoner Robert Fitz-Stephen, a Welsh prince, and delivered him to Henry II. as a criminal, who, without the orders of his sovereign, had disturbed that peace which had existed between England and Ireland for many centuries. John Wigrim was a canon of Windsor in the year 1458; the nineteenth in descent is the present Sir Robert Wigram, who was born at Wexford on the 30th of January, 1744. His father, who was a native of the same place, followed the profession of a surgeon, to which the son was also brought up under the instruction of an uncle. Of the early years of his life but few particulars can be obtained, but it is understood that he left Ireland very young, to pursue the study of his profession in England. In the year 1768 we find him appointed to the situation of surgeon to an East-Indiaman, and on the 2d of March in that year he sailed from Portsmouth in the Duke of Rich-

mond, bound to St. Helena and Bencoolen, under the command of Captain Hindman. The present regulation of the company, restricting any person from sailing in the capacity of surgeon until after having sailed one voyage in their service as surgeon's assistant, was not at that time adopted. Upon his return he remained in England about three years, and in 1772 again sailed to the East, in the same situation as upon the former voyage, in the British King, bound to St. Helena, Bencoolen, and China, commanded by Captain D. G. Hoare. During this voyage he was particularly unfortunate, as he was obliged to remain at Bengal under a severe affliction of his eyes, which threatened to deprive him of his sight, and which detained him nearly five years. After having regained the use of those valuable organs, he again repaired to England, and shortly after commenced the practice of surgeon, &c. in Wormwood-street, Bishopsgate. Finding, however, his premises not sufficiently large for his business, which increased considerably, he some time after removed to Sun-court, Cornhill, having, in addition to his surgical profession, commenced an extensive trade in drugs, which considerably augmented his property.

While he resided on this spot, he became warmly attached to Miss Catherine Broadhurst, the youngest daughter of Francis Broadhurst, Esq. of Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, an eminent tanner and maltster. To this young lady, who was extremely handsome, Mr. Wigram paid his addresses; and though his overtures were in the first instance rejected by the friends of the lady, yet such was the ardour of affection in his breast, that, instead of deterring him from further advances, it seemed rather to stimulate exertion for the attainment of his wishes, which were at length gratified by his obtaining her hand. The father of this lady died suddenly: he went to bed in perfect health, and was found there lifeless the next morning. Mrs. Broadhurst, his wife, died at the advanced age of seventy-eight, leaving five children.

Soon after this alliance, Mr. Wigram's concerns increased so much, that he found it necessary to remove to premises still more extensive than those he had hitherto occupied; and consequently, in or about the year 1781, he took the house in Crosby-square now occupied by his son, where he erected a laboratory. The premises are large, and afforded ample room to carry into effect the various efforts of his active mind. The house stands on a part of the famous Crosby-House, some of the subterraneous passages of which remain to this day, and are used as wine-cellars, coal-cellars, and warehouses. In this situation he greatly increased his mercantile concerns, and was one of the greatest importers of drugs in England. He was particularly fortunate in importing from America and exporting to China an article called Ginseng, a root of a bitter taste, held in a sort of religious veneration by the Chinese.

On the 22d January, 1786, he experienced a heavy misfortune in the loss of his amiable consort, by whom he had five children, viz. three boys and two girls. Her

death was occasioned by a sudden violent internal complaint, and her remains are deposited in the family vault at Walthamstow, Essex (where he has an elegant mansion), with the following inscription:—"To the memory of Mrs. Catherine Wigram, who died the 22d of January, 1786, aged 35 years."

The loss of this lady deeply afflicted Mr. Wigram, and for some time he was inconsolable. Six years of domestic comfort had habituated his mind to conjugal happiness with the partner of his heart, and the loss consequently preyed upon his spirits. In the following June, however, he married Miss Eleanor Watts, daughter of John Watts, Esq. of Southampton, many years secretary to the Victualling-Office. For this lady he went over to France, and the benevolence of her heart, and gentleness of her manners, have not only endeared her to her husband, but gained her the esteem and regard of all who know her. By her he has fifteen children, so that his present family consists of nineteen children.

He had by this time commenced a new line of business, and become a managing owner of ships in the East India Company's service; and in this line he has been particularly successful. The General Goddard sailed under his management, commanded by William Taylor Money, Esq. son of William Money, Esq. many years a director of the company, and was fortunate enough during the voyage to capture eight Dutch East Indiamen of considerable value, in the year 1795, off St. Helena; the total produce of which, however, has not yet been awarded to the captors. Since this period he is become one of the most eminent ships' husbands in the city of London, as well as principal owner of several vessels trading to Bengal, Madras, and Bombay.

At the general election in 1802 he became member of parliament for Fowey in Cornwall, in the room of Mr. Golding, who, being returned for two boroughs, took his seat for Plympton. At the time of raising the volunteer force for the defence of the nation against an inveterate foe, he stepped forward with all his energies, and distinguished himself by his patriotic exertions for raising a regiment of his neighbours in the ward of Bishopsgate. He was assiduous to engage every person near his own residence who could bear arms, by waiting on them himself, and animating them to join the ranks; and by his example he stimulated the opulent to be liberal in their subscriptions for the support of the corps. By these means the 6th regiment of Loyal London Volunteers, consisting of 715 rank and file, was established, and they unanimously elected him their lieutenant-colonel commandant.

At the subsequent general election he declined his seat for Fowey, and was elected member for his native place Wexford; and his eldest son, Robert, succeeded to the vacant seat for Fowey. At the last general election he declined his seat for Wexford, and was succeeded by Mr. Neville, the now sitting member. His eldest son is a member of parliament, a director of the Bank and the London Institution, and a warm patron of the liberal arts and sciences. His second son, John, whom he had the

misfortune to lose some years since, was a director of the East India Dock Company, underwriter, and superintended the repairs of shipping, supplying them with all necessary stores, provisions, &c. for their voyages, from his wharf at Blackwall. His third son, William, is member of parliament for New-Ross in Ireland, a director of the East India Company, and acting manager of the extensive brewery now conducted under the firm of Meux, Reids, and Co. Catherine, the eldest daughter by the first marriage, is the wife of Charles Tottenham, Esq. of Bally-Curry in Ireland, cousin to the Marquis of Ely, and late M.P. for Ross; and Eleanor, the second daughter, is also married. The two eldest sons by the present Lady Wigram are now ship-builders at the yard (late Perry's) Blackwall. Thus provision is made for them all as they rise progressively to a certain age.

The leading features in the character of Sir Robert Wigram are, honour, integrity, and benevolence. As a merchant, no name is more respectable; as a soldier, his attentions to the men under his command, his hospitality and patriotism, have justly entitled him to the regards of his regiment. As a friend, he is sincere; as a father and a husband, dotingly affectionate; as a politician, it need only be remarked, that he was a warm admirer of the splendid talents, and while in parliament a supporter of the administration, of the late illustrious statesman William Pitt, to whose remains he paid the last tribute of regard.

Sir Robert is now in the seventy-third year of his age, with an apparently unimpaired constitution, and a vigorous and active mind. He rejoices to have his whole family seated at his table once a year, a sight truly gratifying to one who, without the advantages of fortune or liberal education, has raised himself to a dignified station, and ennobled his name by the energies of his own mind. By the indefatigable assiduity with which he has applied to his various concerns, he is enabled (as he advances further into the vale of years) to make ample provision for a numerous progeny. May he long live to partake of these enjoyments, and his family emulate his example, and as years pass on to life's decline, have the satisfaction to experience his felicities!

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Every age has characteristics peculiar to itself, by which it is distinguished from preceding times, and in which it is described to posterity. The British nation at the present day exhibits an anomalous mixture of puritanic strictness on the one hand, and of polished licentiousness on the other. While one therefore, perhaps under a serious apprehension of the decline of national morality, is strenuously occupied in reprobating and resisting the depravity of modern manners, another appears no less determined to assert what he regards as the cause of liberal and enlightened society. The subject

of this sketch may be considered as belonging to the latter class.

Thomas Moore is the only son of Mr. John Moore, who was formerly a respectable merchant, and who still resides at Dublin. Thomas was born about the year 1780. His infantine days seem to have left the most agreeable impressions on his memory. In an epistle to his eldest sister, dated November 1803, and written from Norfolk in Virginia, he has retraced the delight of their childhood, and described the pure endearments of home, with great felicity. Under Mr. White of Dublin, a gentleman extensively known and respected, and whose worth as an instructor has been justly commemorated in a sonnet addressed to him by his pupil, which appeared in a periodical miscellany entitled the *Anthologia Hibernica,* young Moore acquired the rudiments of an excellent education. He was afterwards removed in due course of time to Trinity College, in the same city. Moore was greatly distinguished while a collegian, by an enthusiastic attachment to his country and the sociability of his disposition. On the 19th of November, 1799, he was entered a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, where he, as is usual, kept his terms, &c.

In the year 1800, and consequently when he had not completed the twenty-first of his age, he published his translations of the Odes of Anacreon into English verse, with notes. Hence, in the vocabulary of fashion, he has since generally been designated by the appellation of Anacreon Moore; and it is likely he will retain this appellation until his name be no longer remembered. So early as his twelfth year he appears to have meditated on this performance, which, if a free one, is confessed by many to be a fascinating version of his favourite bard. This work is introduced by an admirable Greek ode from the pen of the translator, and is dedicated with permission to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. It was published first in a quarto volume; it now appears in two small volumes, and has attained the eighth edition. Before the second edition of his translation was sent to the press, Mr. Moore made considerable additions. "Among the epigrams of the *Anthologia,*" says he on this occasion, "there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated and originally intended as a kind of *coronis* to the work; but I found upon consideration, that they wanted variety. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon." Assuming the surname of *Little**, our author committed to the world in 1801 a volume of original poems, chiefly *amatory.* It has experienced a rapid sale. Of the contents of this publication it is impossible to speak in terms of unqualified approbation. Many of the poems exhibit strong marks of genius, and some of them may be perused without exciting any asperity; while others, it cannot be denied, are too much tinged with licentiousness to allow the writer to

* The stature of Mr. Moore is somewhat under the common size, and it was this diminutiveness which occasioned a certain vocal performer to designate him under the name of her *Pocket Apollo.*

assert, that he has produced "no line, which dying he would wish to blot."

Towards the autumn of 1803 Mr. Moore embarked for Bermuda, where he had obtained the appointment of Register to the Admiralty. This was a patent place, and of a description so unsuitable to his temper of mind, that he soon found it expedient to fulfil the duties of it by the medium of a deputy, with whom, in consideration of circumstances, he consented to divide the profits accruing from it. These, however, proved to be wholly unworthy of Mr. Moore's serious attention. "Though curiosity therefore," says he, "was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it." From England to New-York, in his way to Bermuda, he had the gratification of associating with Mr. Merry, the British envoy, who sailed with him in the Phaeton frigate. "Having remained about a week at New-York," he continues, "where I saw Madame Jerome (the *soi-disant* but half-repudiated wife of Admiral Prince Jerome) Bonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake, the only things that particularly awakened my attention, I sailed again in the Boston for Norfolk, whence I proceeded on my tour northward through Williamsburgh, Richmond, &c. I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas with respect to the purity of the government, and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where unfortunately discontent at home too often enhances every distant temptation; and the western world has long been looked on as a retreat from imaginary oppression, as the elysian Atlantis, where *persecuted patriots* might find their wishes realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation I had formed. Such romantic works as *The American Farmer's Letters*, and Imlay's* *Account of Kentucky*, would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom had deserted the rest of the world, for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, however, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossessions."

The feelings with which our author first visited America, and the opinions which he had formed when he quitted it, are finely expressed in his epistle to his sister Katherine. Norfolk was the place from which his poetical epistle was sent, and also the place first visited by him; and here, in the friendship of George Morgan, Esq. a gentleman who was attached to our consulate, and that of Colonel Hamilton, the consul, he sought and found some relief from his chagrin

* Imlay, a man who has rendered himself notorious by his ungenerous desertion of the celebrated Mrs. Wolstonecraft, afterwards Mrs. Godwin.—See her Life written by her husband, and her Letter to Imlay.

and disappointment. "The college of William and Mary at Williamsburgh," continues Mr. Moore, "gave me but a melancholy idea of the republican seats of learning. That contempt for the elegances of education which the American democrats affect, is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia. The men who look to advancement, study rather to be *demagogues* than *politicians*, and as every thing that distinguishes from the multitude is supposed to be invidious and unpopular, the levelling system is applied to education, and it has had all the effect which its partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive equality of ignorance. The Abbé Raynal, in his prophetic admonitions to the Americans, directing their attention very strongly to learned establishments, says, 'When the youth of a country are depraved, the nation is on the decline.' I know not what the Abbé Raynal would pronounce of this nation now, were he alive to know the morals of the young students at Williamsburgh."

These strictures, however warranted, roused the resentment of some American writers, whose tirades Mr. Moore's good sense will know how to appreciate: yet he does not forget the kind reception he met with at Philadelphia in the society of Mr. Dennie; and his friends, he trusts, will not accuse him of illiberality for the picture which he has given, of the ignorance and corruption that surround them.

Seven days were passed by Mr. Moore in his passage from Norfolk in Virginia to Bermuda, the place of his original destination, which he reached early in 1804. His farewell to Bermuda has been long before our readers. He sailed aboard the Boston frigate, in company with the Cambrian and Leander; they separated in a few days, and the Boston, after a short cruise, proceeded to New-York. He was sixteen days sailing from Quebec to Halifax, and in October 1804 quitted Halifax on his return to England, in the Boston frigate, commanded by his friend Captain Douglas, whom he has highly eulogized for his attention during the voyage. After an absence of about fourteen months from Europe, he had the felicity of realizing that scene of domestic endearment which his imagination had so fondly pictured: since which time Mr. Moore has indulged in learned leisure, in trips from this to the sister country, the exhilaration of the tables of fashion and conviviality, and the exertion of his literary talents. The following is a list of his productions, as given in the *Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors*:—The Odes of Anacreon, eighth edition —A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence, &c.—Poems by the late Thomas Little— A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin—Intercepted Letters, or the Two-penny Post-Bag, by Thomas Brown the younger; of this work there have been fourteen editions—M. P. or the Blue Stocking, a comic opera —and Poems from Camoens. Mr. Moore completed the translation of Sallust which had been left unfinished by Arthur Murphy, Esq. and superintended the printing of the work for the purchaser, Mr. Carpenter.

C.

MISCELLANIES.

Plate 33.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER VI.

It was a favourable sign of commencing improvement, that between Paris and Fontainebleau I was engaged in a soliloquy, which left behind it no wrinkles upon my brow. I weighed, for the first time, the advantages of travelling against the sorry vocation of constantly remaining upon the same spot like a fixed star, and waiting to be discovered by some penetrating eye or other in our remote region. "Heaven be praised," said I to myself with heartfelt satisfaction, "now I am perhaps on the road to health and content!" Soul and body behaved to one another as if they were desirous of renewing their former friendship, interrupted by a slight misunderstanding. "If this harmony but lasts," said I, "as I hope it will, what need I care about any thing else?"

I recapitulated all the circumstances that had deprived me of comfort and health, and considered how easily I might have avoided them by means of a pair of post-horses. "If," I continued, "you cannot agree with your playmates in one corner of the world, only move a little farther to others. It would be hard indeed if you did not meet now and then with companions with whom you could stay awhile, and forget how one mischievous rogue tripped up your heels, or another broke your new drum!"

In this mood I continued till I came within sight of the palace at which a young queen once sought to appease, by murder, the resentment of love*, and that too while upon a party of pleasure, which rendered the circumstance still more horrible to me. Whether her object was so easily accomplished as the sanguinary expedient to which she had recourse, I cannot pretend to say; still less can I think of justifying the deed with the all-commanding Leibnitz. As for me, who am no philosopher, the mere recollection of this story threw me completely out of my happy mood, and extinguished every pleasurable emotion till I reached Auxerre.

There I was indemnified by a droll adventure. Exactly opposite to the post-house, a fellow in a booth was shouting to the multitude who flocked towards him—*Fruges consumere natus! Bête sauvage d'Allemagne, jusqu'ici inconnu en France!* I thought to myself that it would be the first twelve sous that I had sacrificed in France to my curiosity, and could not resist the temptation to inquire what animal was meant by a description which suited so many in my country, and which, at any other time, I might have been hypochondria-

* Queen Christina of Sweden caused Monaldeschi, her master of the horse, to be murdered at Fontainebleau before her face. Leibnitz vindicated the action, but in this instance without convincing.

cal enough to apply to myself. The wonderful creature, of whose whole race we would gladly make a present to the French nation, proved to be nothing but a hamster; but the man who shewed it attracted my notice so much the more strongly. His manner, the hollow tone of his voice, his sparkling eyes, were the very same that a year ago accompanied an *homme comme il faut* at our routes, who played pi-quet with such astonishing luck, who invited you with equal kindness and urgency to his marquisate, and might perhaps have prevailed on you to set out on the excursion, had not a trifle broken off your acquaintance. Over and above my twelve sous, I cheerfully paid my blush for his when he recognized me, quickly remounted my chaise, and drove away, laughing heartily at the discovery. How gladly would I have paid twelve sous more, if I could at that price have transferred my surprise to a certain beauty, and have made her ashamed of the *teterrima belli causa*, as Horace expresses it, by which she risked the respectability of a courtier against a showman. In my absence, however, I may leave that business to you, which will doubtless afford you a triumph so much the more undisturbed.

Without losing the good-humour which I carried with me out of the booth of your rival, I proceeded to Yvri. There I threw myself upon a mattress as hard as stone, and awoke—would to God I could always awake so! I found my carriage, when I was going to set off again, surrounded by a crowd of sick and infirm beggars, who could not have pitched upon a more lucky moment, for the impulse to do good rushed through all my veins. A common alms was too small for my expanded feelings. I opened the seat of my carriage, and without farther consideration, distributed my whole stock of costly medicines among the necessitous applicants. To a soldier with one arm I gave twenty doses of Dr. ——'s aërated salts; and eighteen that I had then remaining, I divided among as many children. To a very old woman, who complained of disturbed sleep and nocturnal attacks of the devil, I made a present of my Bruchsal elixir, together with the direction. Among the rest of the consumptive and pallid wretches I divided my magnetic drops, my Glauber salts, and my biscuit. One of these, a female of an elegant figure, with a Madonna face, would probably have received relief from disorganization, had I but understood the process, or had time and inclination to seek a *rapport* between us. In the interim, till she meets with a professor of the art, I gave her a yet-untouched box of cooling powders, the only physic that I had not felt any want of during my journey; and then hastily sprung into my carriage, to avoid the thanks and praises with which I was stunned by the crowd of unfortunate creatures. Too generous to calculate the cost of the things which I had thus given away, though it amounted to more than perhaps the richest man would distribute so early in a morning among the poor, I never once gave it a thought, that, by my unbounded liberality, I had left myself, in case of necessity, totally destitute of resource. Feelings, which I should never have

known in so high a degree at home, rewarded me for this act of benevolence, and shortened my way.

Blessed be the man who invented travelling, and thrice blessed the best of my friends who drew me forth from the killing dust of my books, who set my smallest virtues in motion, and happily enabled me to exercise them! I skimmed along as light as a bird. A few hours' sleep, which I took *en passant* at Lyons, gave me a strength and wakefulness of which I never imagined myself susceptible, and which, together with the excellence of the roads, and the activity of the postilions, brought me the following night to Palu, and the next morning — but what a morning! — to Nismes, where I engaged the pretty pavilion, which, with the adjoining garden, I have now occupied some weeks, without looking round me for any other employment than that which is devoted to you—I mean the discharge of the arrears of my journal.

In this view, my dearest friend, I am writing to you at this moment under the embowering shade of two interwoven orange-trees, which, however, are scarcely sufficient to screen me from the sun. But where shall I find words to describe to you all the happiness of my present existence? What charms of novelty for a native of the North pervaded the smiling winter morning when I took possession of my sequestered habitation! They hovered, too, at dinner over the fare of my Carthusian table, and the young peas, strawberries, and figs, with which it was supplied. A cloudless evening, of which you can have no conception, pregnant with the hope of an equally beautiful morning, lulled me into the soundest slumber; and that day was the model of all the succeeding ones which I have yet passed in this country. Gaiety, mirth, and joy seem to flutter about my writing-table, to guide my pen, and imperceptibly to change my words; nay, had I not been bound to my journal by the sacred promise which you required, long since would they have allured me into other paths than those which wind among the flower-beds of my little garden.

No set narrative of travels—no statistical, political, and practical observations — no discussions on medals and antiquities—no examination of soils, and of the strata of mountains—and how many more subjects did you proscribe? My dear friend, you might well have spared your exceptions, for I have scarcely time to give you merely what I owe you, to execute the votive picture that I promised to my deliverer. In this kind of painting it is customary, you know, to judge of a performance not according to the strict rules of art, but according to the good intention; and it is, therefore, particularly well suited to my fugitive, unpractised pencil. Truth shall suffer so much the less for this; and if you find that here and there the colours are rather too strong, that they are not sufficiently softened down into one another, you need only hang the piece a little higher than usual; it will produce its effect.

December 7.

For these four days past, my Edward, I have extended the circle round me, which I shall continue

to enlarge by degrees as befits a convalescent. I have, without suspecting it, inclosed objects which are certainly deserving of notice. The first time I quitted my pavilion, not much more than one hundred paces from it, I met with a work which displayed the majesty of a queen under the frippery of a common street-walker. It was a Roman bath in complete preservation, fresh whitewashed, and surrounded by a garden full of hedges.

It was some time before I knew what to make of it, when the most lucky chance brought to the spot a labourer who had himself assisted in the discovery of this exquisite work. A professed antiquary would scarcely have satisfied me so well as this man did. Though a downright Frenchman, he nevertheless frankly acknowledged, that the building pleased him better in the venerable rust of antiquity, in which it was left for some time after its discovery, than in its present state.

However great the charms which this walk had for me, the monument of which I have been speaking should be viewed in the evening to be seen in all its beauty, because the dusk somewhat reduces the glare of the colours with which it is disfigured, and gives it to the eye that greyish cast which so well becomes its antiquity. A temple of the goddess of Chastity, which lies in ruins not far from the bath, and is overshadowed with trees, contributes greatly to the picturesque effect of the whole. Numerous pilgrims throng to the temple as soon as the evening star appears. As you approach it, you feel that you are treading holy ground. An awe comes over you, and you will not easily find a more suitable spot for pursuing the idea in which I and you, Solomon, Lucian, and the prophets unanimously agree—that every thing here below is but vanity.

I have sauntered hither several successive evenings in the moonshine, and my imagination never returned ungratified. O that you, stealing from your turbulent winter amusements, could stroll with me through these groves, and see with your own eyes, how lovely, even in a December night, Cynthia trembles among the rustling leaves of the silver poplars and of the ivy that holds together in its close embrace the riven walls of her ruined temple!

December 12.

In the last days of the past week, contrary to the advice of my good Jerome, I left hills and dales, and my own silent society, for what is here, as every where else, termed good company. A visit to the bishop, another to the intendant, I should not have grudged, could I have stopped there. But how is that possible? The principal persons in a place are always surrounded with a circle, every point of which requires in turn the same attention from a stranger, and not one, however small, likes to be overlooked. These civilities are then returned in the same order to ourselves, till we are thoroughly weary of them. This established custom of the great world always involves me in difficulties, from which I am at a loss how to extricate myself. Cards and supper are now the first salutations that

greet my ears in the morning, and which will certainly drive me hence as they did from home. I have no longer either relish, appetite, or time for this kind of social pleasures, which are the centre of attraction for great and small in the world of fashion.

At the bishop's I met with one of his relations, the Marquise d'Antremont, whom I have since frequently seen with pleasure. Through the channel of the *Almanac of the Muses*, some of her performances have reached our country, but the greater number have sunk on the spot that gave them birth. A passion for poetry is a kind of Free-masonry, that soon makes the votaries of the Muse as familiar with one another in every region as the spirit of the craft. We became acquainted in the first quarter of an hour, and exchanged, if not our hearts, at least our mutual confidence; and to this lady I am already indebted for many very agreeable hours.

There was another poet—and I am astonished that there was only one more in this company—a wealthy pompous man, who had written on the *Revolution in Portugal* without producing any revolution in poetry. He did me the honour, before either of us knew the other's name, to present me with the third edition of his tragedy. This civility gave me occasion to make farther inquiry concerning him, and my informants drew a truly enviable picture of his happy genius. The man performs wonders in all that he undertakes. His father was a little shopkeeper, and he is a baron and proprietor of a large estate, the name of which he bears. He wished for the most charming woman in the whole country, and he obtained her—for the best cook, a magnificent house, and abundance of friends; Heaven granted him the one, and he could not be long without the others. Not a whim comes into his head but he is enabled to gratify it. Good verses alone are a thing beyond his reach; here his skill fails like that of Pharoah's conjurers: he cannot imitate them, and is forced to admit, that poetic genius is the gift of Heaven. I have read his performance, and that is all I can do for it.

December 13.

I had just returned home enlivened by the finest of mornings, and with no other intention than to appease the cravings of hunger, that I might hasten back again into the bosom of nature, when my John brought me an invitation to cards and supper, and a command from the Marquise d'Antremont to meet her on the esplanade, and to accompany her to the theatre. The play is the *Honnête Criminel*, a favourite piece with the inhabitants of this place, because it is founded upon an occurrence which happened here. She wishes to make me previously acquainted with the excellent man, who, by his virtuous action, made himself the hero of this drama. His name is Fabré, and he carries on, not far from hence, the trade of a stocking-maker.

Virtue has her geniuses too, and perhaps still more of them than the sciences; but they are more rarely observed, because it would cease to be virtue, if they, like those peculiar favourites of the Muses, were

solely intent on making a noise in the world. This is not the case with honest Fabré. He is a man of unimpeached character. The ostentatious philanthropy of Choiseul, the minister, released him from the despotic punishment which he had cheerfully taken upon himself instead of his father; and his fellow-citizens, who were wholly indifferent to his fate before it was talked of at court, now boast of his virtue as a curiosity of their country, since it has attracted notice, and been represented on the stage.

I found the *marquise* with honest Fabré on the esplanade, and after we were introduced to one another, his story became the principal topic of conversation. He related to me how long he had supplied the place of his father in the gallies. He rejoiced with us, that since his liberation Protestant ministers have no longer any punishment to fear, when, like his father, they quietly perform their duty. He painted in the most natural colours the state of his soul while chains fettered his body; how the thoughts of his good father and his mistress, who duly appreciated his conduct, imparted strength and courage to his mind; and how the consciousness of the purity of his motives abundantly rewarded him for all his sufferings. In short, his unaffected narrative moved me even to tears.

During this conversation, we perceived at the farther end of the alley a dark coat, on which we could distinguish, though at that distance, a glistening star. We continued our discourse without taking any more notice of this mark of merit—an oversight which reduced me to a very awkward dilemma.

The figure advanced nearer and nearer, and before I was aware, I found myself in the arms of the intolerable knight of the *Annonciade*, Count G——. I replied to his questions, his embraces, and his surprise, with as much embarrassment as at Berlin, and in my perturbation stammered forth the name of the *marquise*, to whom he directed his second obeisance. I might have foreseen how readily he would consider this as a challenge to shew himself in all his glory—Heaven knows whether he did or not. The decisive tone that is peculiar to him, his unfortunate squeaking voice, his lame attempts at wit, and his monkey grin, soon removed from all our faces every trace of our former satisfaction.

To get rid of him, I had recourse to the only expedient of any avail with a prating coxcomb—to leave him to himself. I looked at my watch, and asked the *marquise* if it was not time to go to the theatre. Scarcely had this question escaped my lips, when he started back in astonishment. "By the god of good taste," cried he, "what should bring you to the theatre? But," he continued, as if recollecting himself, "don't let me keep you away upon any account. The play to be sure, according to the bill at which I glanced in passing at yonder corner, is none of the best. The scenes are dull, and the whole subject beneath tragic dignity; but yet such abortions belong to the reigning fashion. Many years ago it was performed in the capital, but that is no proof of its excellence. Formerly those who converted our

lymph into tears, introduced crowned heads only into their pieces; but we are luckily less fastidious, for our fashionable hero is a—stocking-maker."

The blood rushed into the face of the honest Fabré. The *marquise* was thunderstruck; and for my part, considering myself as the first cause of the rude sally of my countryman, because I had not introduced our honest companion in proper time to the count, I leave you to conceive my feelings at the moment.

I offered my arm to the *marquise*, and hastened away to the theatre, to wipe off the perspiration into which this scene had thrown me. The good Fabré accompanied us, and I hope that the feelings which the representation of his virtuous action must have produced, and the applauses which it received, more than compensated him for what had passed. My vexation did not allow me to pay so much attention to the play as it deserved. I was ashamed of the count, and carried my distraction and ill-humour into the company, from which, to my gratification, honest Fabré, in spite of his business, was not excluded. I was glad when play, cards, and supper were over, and am still better pleased now that I have tired myself with writing, and have good reason to hope that I shall sleep off the vexations of the day.

THE HISTORY OF CELADON.

The youth of Celadon was distinguished by a love of study so ardent, that the acquisition of knowledge seemed wholly to engross him, and when obliged to pay those little attentions to the ladies which the habits of polite circles render necessary, his air and manner were so abstracted and embarrassed, that it was easy to see he regarded the fair sex with indifference. Just as he had turned his twentieth year, chance brought him acquainted with Sophronia. He was passing close to a garden when his attention was riveted by a female voice, which recited with much justness, and in the most harmonious tones, some passages from Thomson's *Seasons*. Never before had their beauty struck him so forcibly; he remained rapt in admiration for some moments after the voice had ceased, till the garden-gate opened, and two ladies came out. The youngest was speaking to her companion, and Celadon found by her melodious accents, that it was to her he was indebted for the pleasure he had just enjoyed.

For the first time in his life Celadon viewed a female face with interest and admiration; but the glance cost him dear: the uncommon beauty of Sophronia captivated him instantly, and by a sudden transition, he passed from the excess of insensibility to the most romantic and ardent passion.

His inquiries respecting Sophronia were, in his opinion, most satisfactorily answered. She was of respectable though not opulent family, and her gentle and amiable disposition, as well as her personal graces, was admired by all who knew her. The vivid fancy of Celadon bestowed upon her all the ta-

lents as well as all the virtues that could adorn her sex. He obtained without difficulty an introduction to her father, and bursting the bonds of his natural timidity, he endeavoured to gain her affections. He soon succeeded in inspiring her with the most tender sentiments, which she was too artless to hide. Felicity the most transcendent seemed now within the reach of Celadon, but an instant destroyed the fabric of bliss which his fancy had raised.

The father of Celadon, who was named Septimius, though naturally of an amiable disposition, suffered himself to be drawn into the detestable vice of gaming. A very bad run of luck had reduced him to a state of absolute despair, when it was intimated to him by the uncle of a young and rich heiress, who was also the daughter of one of his deceased friends, that his niece would not be averse to a union with Celadon. Septimius received this news as a malefactor would a reprieve from execution. Clarissa, so the lady was named, was so immensely rich and of a disposition so generous, that he felt assured, if he revealed his situation in confidence to her, it would not prevent her marriage with his son.

He was not deceived in his expectation. Clarissa interrupted the reproaches with which he loaded himself, by a declaration, that whether her marriage took place or not, she would be happy in applying part of her fortune to relieve the embarrassments of her father's old friend. He embraced her in a transport of gratitude, and wrote immediately to desire his son would leave his country seat, where he was pursuing his studies, and hasten to him without delay.

Surprised at this unexpected summons, Celadon bade adieu to his Sophronia, with a promise of returning the moment he could quit his father; and hastened to London. Septimius, who had no suspicion of the state of his heart, spoke to him of the proposed alliance as a most fortunate event. What was his surprise to see Celadon turn as pale as death, while he declared that it was a union which could never take place! Smothering his rage, Septimius had recourse to entreaties, which Celadon, who had till then been the most dutiful of sons, found it hard to resist; but the image of his Sophronia, pale, dejected, perhaps dying through his desertion, rose to his mental view, and he resolutely refused to unite himself to Clarissa.

"You will then," said his father in a tone of agony, "entail upon yourself the curse of parricide; for know, that my life, and what ought to be dearer to us both, my honour, depend upon this marriage.—Hear me!" continued he, grasping the arm of his son, while his features were convulsed by despair—"hear me, unnatural boy! An act of madness has rendered us both beggars! The generous Clarissa knows my situation, and does not withhold from you the hand she was willing to bestow while she thought you wealthy. By accepting it you will preserve at once my honour and my life. By refusing, you doom yourself to abject want, and deprive your father of existence; for I swear by all that is sacred, not to survive——"

"My father!" interrupted the

heartstruck youth, "I am in your hands, do with me what you will."

Septimius did not allow him a moment either to reflect or retract; there was indeed no danger of his doing the latter. Struck with horror at the discovery which his father had just made, he thought only of shielding him from the effects of his infatuation, and to his dutiful and affectionate heart no sacrifice appeared too great: yet though he gave not a thought to his own wretchedness, the misery which he knew his Sophronia would suffer, rent his heart with the bitterest pangs.

Clarissa had known him in his boyish days, but they had not met for some years. She was somewhat surprised at his reserve and taciturnity, but she entertained no suspicion that he did not heartily concur in the wishes of his father. His attachment to literary pursuits rendered him, she believed, indifferent to her sex in general, but she trusted to time and her own amiable qualities to secure to her the possession of his heart.

Septimius was very urgent that the nuptials should take place immediately, and a day was named for the performance of the ceremony, when chance discovered to Clarissa the attachment between Celadon and Sophronia.

One day when Clarissa was present, his valet presented to him a letter, which he had no sooner cast his eyes on, than he became violently agitated. There was a mixture of grief and reproach in the countenance of the servant as he presented it, which did not escape the notice of Clarissa; and, for the first time, a suspicion that his heart was engaged occurred to her. She contrived to find an excuse for talking with his valet, who having been many years in Septimius's family, was not regarded as a common servant. He had been about the person of Celadon from his infancy, and was no stranger to his love for Sophronia; nor could he, without extreme sorrow, see the happiness of his young master sacrificed, as he conceived, at the shrine of parental tyranny.

Clarissa did not find it difficult to discover all that the faithful servant knew, and she heard with horror, that Sophronia had been so dangerously ill, that her life was thought to be in danger. She was then recovering but very slowly. "Poor Sophronia!" said Clarissa with a deep sigh, "I have involuntarily caused thee much unhappiness; but it is not yet too late to secure thy felicity." Without losing a moment, she wrote to the parents of Sophronia, and explained to them her situation with Celadon, whom she declared herself resolved never to marry. Without touching upon the distress of Septimius, she offered to settle a handsome fortune upon Celadon and Sophronia, provided the parents of the latter would consent to their union; and she undertook to procure the acquiescence of Septimius as soon as they signified theirs to her. The father of Sophronia replied to this generous proposal by a grateful acceptance of it, and Clarissa hastened to break the matter to Septimius.

Deeply penetrated with the heroic generosity of Clarissa, Septimius felt himself unable to refuse her pressing solicitations, that the

union of the lovers might take place directly. Though unable to estimate at its full value the sacrifice which Clarissa had made for his happiness, Celadon's gratitude was enthusiastic; he regarded her as an angel who had snatched him from the brink of despair, and would cheerfully have risked his life to promote in any way her happiness. Little did he know how dear her magnanimity cost her; little did he think that her cheerfulness was assumed, to cover a deeply wounded heart.

Intoxicated with the pleasure of possessing his adored Sophronia, a few months rolled on in a state of exquisite felicity; but as the illusions of passion disappeared, the eyes of Celadon opened to the inferiority of his wife's understanding, and he was reluctantly compelled to own, that the idol which his imagination had decked with every brilliant, every amiable quality, was in reality a very common character.

In one point only he had not deceived himself. Sophronia's disposition was extremely gentle; but her capacity was so very bounded, that her tastes, her occupations, and her ideas were frivolous in the extreme. If Celadon was disappointed at finding her incapable of sharing in those literary pursuits which he had flattered himself would have been as much her choice as his own, he was still more mortified at perceiving, that she regarded the time which he devoted to them as an injury to herself. As she was then in the way to become a mother, his affection induced him to sacrifice his tastes and pursuits, and devote his time almost entirely to her; but this complaisance was fatal to the few remains of passion which her uncommon beauty had till then kept alive. Love has no enemy more to be dreaded than *ennui*, and ere twelve months had elapsed, the bright eyes of Sophronia had completely lost their power over the heart of her husband.

Had Sophronia become a mother, it might have been a means of regaining her a portion of Celadon's affections, but her infant was not destined to behold the light; and she was herself so dangerously ill, that her life was despaired of. From the time of his marriage he had frequently seen and corresponded with Clarissa, who no sooner heard of Sophronia's danger than she hastened to her house; and to her tender and unremitting cares, Celadon in a great measure attributed his wife's recovery.

Sophronia, naturally of a grateful disposition, and fully sensible of the obligations which she owed Clarissa, used every means to detain her in her house. Clarissa's endeavours to conquer her passion had been so successful, that she regarded Celadon in the light of a brother, and she made no scruple of remaining with them for some months; nor did she once suspect, that she was unconsciously destroying the happiness she had taken so much pains to secure.

The person of Clarissa, though not beautiful, was extremely attractive; the intelligence and animation of her countenance, and the ineffable sweetness of her smile, amply compensated for the want of perfect regularity in her features; and her highly cultivated and ele-

gant mind rendered it impossible to live in her society without warmly admiring her.

Without detailing the gradations by which the weak and unhappy Celadon passed from admiration to a passion as violent as it was hopeless, suffice it to say, that the suggestions of honour and conscience were disregarded, and he gave up his whole heart to a sentiment, of which no sophistry could disguise the criminality.

He is not, however, so far lost to integrity, as to express to Clarissa even by a look the passion which she has inspired; and his life passes in an endeavour to conceal it from every eye. Sensible of the grief which his altered sentiments would cause his Sophronia, he is more attentive, more solicitous to please her, than when his passion for her was at its height. Loving him as much as she is capable of loving any thing, she thinks herself an exemplary wife, at the very moment that the narrowness of her sentiments and the frivolity of her conduct give the most sensible pain to the heart of her unhappy husband, who daily and bitterly regrets his having sacrificed to an illusion the permanent happiness of his life.

"Poor Celadon!" cried Fortunio, as with a sigh he closed his magic volume, "how much I pity him! Yet he is not wholly free from blame; he should have scrutinized the mental qualities of Sophronia." How easy it is to be wise for other people! Fortunio never once reflected, that this observation was strictly applicable to himself. Determined to try again the virtues of his volume, he paid a visit to Pharamond. He found him in the midst of a circle, all of whom it was evident had something either to ask or to expect.

From the splendour which surrounded Pharamond, and the placid serenity of his countenance, those who look only at appearances would have pronounced him happy, and his manner seemed to put the matter out of doubt. He listened with apparent interest to the different requests that were made to him. To some he gave hopes, to others positive promises, and smiles to all. Fortunio scrutinized his every look, but not a glance betrayed any symptoms of latent discontent. "Surely," said he to himself, "it is impossible that this man can have bosom cares; the most consummate hypocrisy could scarcely enable him to wear a countenance so happy, an air so perfectly tranquil." Impressed with this idea, he made his bow, and hastened home to consult his volume for Pharamond's History.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(Continued from p. 279.)

"For every why he had a wherefore."

1732.

March 8. A curious window, stained by Mr. Price, was put up in the church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, to the memory of John Thavie, a great benefactor.

1734.

February 5. Mr. Pyne, an emi-

nent engraver in Aldersgate-street, presented to the court of aldermen a copy of Magna Charta granted by King John, from the original in the Cottonian library, together with the arms and names of the barons then appointed to decide any cause between the king and the people; the whole being printed on a skin of vellum from a copper-plate, curiously engraved and embellished, and set in a frame and glass: for which the court returned him thanks, and ordered him a present of thirty guineas.

13*th*. A statue of brass of Thomas Guy, Esq. who died about nine years since, was erected in the square of the Hospital for Incurables in Southwark, founded by himself.

10*th*. Gabriel Odensell, Esq. at St. James's, author of some dramatic pieces, hanged himself in a fit of insanity. [Who was he?]

March 8. The company of comedians from the Haymarket took possession of Drury-lane theatre, by virtue of an ejectment they brought against the patentees.

14*th*. After the ceremony of the marriage of the Prince of Orange and the Princess Royal, about eleven the royal family supped in public in the great state ball-room. About one the bride and bridegroom retired, and were afterwards seen by the nobility, &c. sitting up in their bedchamber, in rich undresses.

April 15. The Prince of Orange, with the princesses, went to view the pictures of Mr. Vandermyn, at his house in Cavendish-square, with which he was so well pleased, that he ordered him to attend next day at St. James's, and to begin him a whole-length picture in the Garter robes. This occasioned the Prince of Wales to sit to him for his picture; after which, to shew his regard to the artist and his art, he desired his sister, the Princess of Orange, to draw Mr. Vandermyn's picture, and obliged him to sit. She condescended, and performed it with a delicate and masterly execution, and very like.

May 20. Mr. Dubois, a fencing-master, died of the wounds he received in a duel a week before, with one of his own name and profession.

June 3. Died, Sir Henry Fermor of Welches, in Sussex, Bart. descended from one of that name who came out of France in the reign of Edward III. He had two wives but no issue, so that the dignity of baronet devolves upon Charles Eversfield, jun. Esq. son of Charles Eversfield, Esq. member for Horsham, being so entailed by Sir Henry's patent, dated May 4, 1725. The bulk of his estates he left to a natural son of his brother's, and upwards of 12,000*l.* to charitable uses, and the sum of 500*l.* to be laid out in erecting a monument to the Duke of Argyle in Westminster Abbey, when this nation shall have the misfortune to be deprived of so brave a general.

5*th*. The directors of the Bank of England left Grocers' Hall, and began to transact business at their house in Threadneedle-street.

13*th*. Died, Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stanger, in the King's Bench prison: he had his nostrils slit for forgery.

September 5. Died, Mr. Cassels, one of the persons committed to Newgate in 1695, for being con-

cerned in the assassination plot; so that there are now only two surviving, viz. Major Bernardi and Mr. Blackburne.

December 8. Died, Mr. Clench of Barnet, aged 70, who diverted this town many years with imitating the drunken man, a pack of hounds, &c.

1735.

February. The reason that the Welch wear the leek always on St. David's day, the 1st of March, is this:—On the 1st of March, 640, the Welch, under the command of King Cadwallader, gained a great victory over the Saxons, and had, at the same time, put leeks in their hats to distinguish themselves, fighting near a field that was replenished with this vegetable, which has ever since been esteemed as a badge of honour among them. To this Shakspeare alludes in the 4th act of *Henry* V.

28*th.* A most curious statue of his present Majesty, by the famous Mr. Rysbrack, carved out of a block of white marble that weighed eleven tons, and formerly taken from the French by Sir George Rooke, was set up on the great parade of the royal hospital at Greenwich, at the expense of Sir John Jennings, the governor, with a long inscription.

March. Mrs. Cooper, author of *The Fair Libertine*, acted in her own play, and eclipsed Mrs. Horton.

The profits of Farinelli, by contributions only, amount to upwards of 2000*l*. to which, if we add 1500*l*. salary and casual presents, we may compute his income at near 4000*l*. a year.

The song of *Old Darby and Joan* written.

31*st.* Mr. Ryan, of Covent-Garden theatre, had two of his teeth knocked out.

June. A friend of Mr. W. Bond having translated the tragedy of *Zara*, purposely that it might be acted for his benefit, he did, about two years ago, offer it to the manager, who kept him ever since, till very lately, in suspense, when he understood from other hands, that they decline all tragedies in general, the taste of the age not being turned for them. Mr. Bond, therefore, got some private friends to act it for his benefit at the great room in York-buildings, himself undertaking the part of Lusignan, which he performed the first night only, for being in a weak condition, he fainted on the stage, was carried home in his chaise, and died next morning. His particular friend acted the part of Osmyn, and the next night took that likewise of Lusignan, his death not being then known, but hourly expected.

The court of aldermen resolved, that Bartholomew fair in Smithfield should be held only three days, and no actors be permitted.

(To be continued.)

A DRAMATIC EPISTLE.

Dear ISABELLA,

I ARRIVED here *Just in Time* to assist in celebrating the *Birth-Day* of *Manuel*, who gave us a brilliant entertainment; but as he did not invite his *Next-door Neighbours*, they have turned the festival into ridicule, and declared that it was *Much Ado about Nothing*.

We all thought that *Bertram*,

the elder brother of *Manuel*, was taking the *Road to Ruin;* but he has retrieved all by playing *The Double Gallant*, for he deserted *The Irish Widow*, and eloped with *Lady Jane Grey*. The new married pair took a *Trip to Scarborough*, where her ladyship soon discovered, that she had been *All in the Wrong* to commit *Matrimony* so inconsiderately; for her *Careless Husband* quitted her in the second week of *The Honey-Moon*, and ran away with *The Innkeeper's Daughter*, who was so much talked of, leaving his lady to play *The Mourning Bride*. However, she keeps up her spirits, and is not a little talked of for her *Fashionable Levities;* but I think that they will prove only the *Follies of a Day*, for I believe that she has a good heart.

Sir Fopling Flutter, who was one of the loudest in condemning the conduct of *Bertram*, has himself played *The Inconstant;* for after having paid his addresses for a long time to *My Cousin Eliza**, he is on the point of marriage with *Polly Honeycomb*, who, it is said, will be *The Heiress* of *The West Indian*.

Eliza has revenged herself by shewing *The Marriage Promise* which he sent her by *Douglas;* and she has found *A Cure for the Heart-Ache* in the attentions of *The Recruiting Officer*, who has given her an *Agreeable Surprise*, by proving himself *The Heir-at-Law* to a *New Peerage* and *Ten Thousand a Year*. From the attention he pays her, I have no doubt that they will shortly become *Man and Wife*.

* A dramatic piece, we believe an opera, which was performed but once.

Since I arrived here, I have renewed my acquaintance with *The Miser*, whom I met with at the *Lake of Lausanne*. I assure you he turns out *A good-natured Man*. I am a little embarrassed between him and my admirer *John Bull*, who was *Frightened to Death* for fear I should make a *Blind Bargain*, and marry *The Miser* in order to learn *How to grow Rich*. He has grown so saucy that I think *The Deuce is in Him*, since he has found out, that by *The Will* of *My Grandmother* I cannot marry these two years.

Pray inform me whether *Theodosius* has paid his promised visit to *The Wicklow Gold-Mines*. I am sure he will like *The Sons of Erin;* and I am better pleased that he should go there than to *Fontainebleau*.

I am sorry you have so much reason to complain of your brother. *Riches* have done him more harm than good. If he does not alter his habits before he becomes the *Son-in-Law* of *The English Merchant*, I foresee that he will never prove *The Tender Husband*, which his intended expects to find.

Oh! my dear, I am this moment told, that *My Aunt, The Old Maid*, is coming to pay me a visit. I wish, with all my heart, she was *Five Miles Off;* our house will become *The School for Scandal* as soon as she comes. I hope you will soon pay us your promised visit; I assure you you will be quite *The Rage* here. Consider, my dear girl, that to immerse yourself in a *Farm-House*, where you never see a soul worth looking at but *The Lord of the Manor*, is not *The Way to get Married*. No, no, you should

shew yourself in *Town and Country:* so follow my advice, take *A Journey to London*, and rest assured of a hearty welcome from your affectionate

MARIAN MELANGE.

THE ADVISER.

I AM truly grateful, Mr. Editor, for your prompt attention to my letter: I begin to have a better opinion of mankind since the publication of it, for I have had several applications for my advice; but as the case of Mr. Tremor appears to me the most pressing, I shall consider it first. As his letter may perhaps amuse your readers, I have subjoined it. I am, Mr. Editor, your obliged,

SOLOMON SAGEPHIZ.

To S. SAGEPHIZ, *Esq. Adviser-General.*

Never surely, sir, was there a man more in want of that sage counsel which you have offered to the world in general, than myself: I will not trespass on your time, however, by complaining of my misfortunes, but proceed to state them as briefly as I can.

Having from my childhood delicate health, I had made a resolution never to marry—a determination which was frequently and at last successfully combated by my aunt Mrs. Matchem. The old lady had formed a design of marrying me to her *protégée* Miss Grace Goodenough, and at last, in pursuance of her advice, I gave that lady my hand. My marriage took place two years ago, and until last month I had no reason to repent it. My wife is an excellent manager, a pleasant companion, and what was of still more importance to me, of such a sweet disposition, that she paid me with the greatest cheerfulness all those little attentions, the value of which can only be estimated by those who, like myself, labour under diseases which perhaps are partly real and partly imaginary. We seldom had company, and then only in a snug quiet way; but the indefatigable attention of my wife furnished me with sufficient amusement for my mornings, and one or other of my friends generally passed the evenings with me at chess, drafts, or backgammon.

Thus, Mr. Adviser, did I spend nearly two years in quiet comfort, till unfortunately a distant relation of my wife paid us a visit. This lady, whose name was Apemode, is an old maid, who had passed her youth in dependance upon the great. She was just returned from France, whither she went as the humble companion of a lady of quality. Our plain, quiet, and retired way of life appeared insupportable to Miss Apemode; but as she did not dare openly to express her disgust, she commenced her insidious attack upon our domestic comforts, by persuading my wife that it was absolutely necessary for her, who had a right to consider herself as the principal person in the town where we reside, which I should have told you is at a considerable distance from London, to introduce among her neighbours some of the delightful customs of Paris: one of the pleasantest of

which she said, was that of having social parties, which were styled *Les thés dansants.*

"And pray," cried my wife, "what sort of thing is this *thé dansant?* it has at least a singular name."

"Why, my dear," cried Miss Apemode, "it has nothing singular but its name. You go to a *thé dansant* to drink tea, and dance afterwards, or play at cards, if you prefer it. You are expected to appear in a fashionable evening costume, but not in the dress proper for a *bal paré;* in a word, a *thé dansant* is a social party, where ceremony is excluded, and to which every body goes with a disposition to be pleased."

At the conclusion of this speech my wife turned to me, and said with a look of entreaty which I did not know how to resist, "Do, my dear, let us have a *thé dansant.*" I objected to the dancing, on account of the trouble which a large party would occasion in our small house: but all my objections were overruled. We were to have only a few friends, the dancing was to be over very early, and as to trouble or inconvenience, my wife assured me, it would occasion neither the one nor the other.

Not wishing to contest with Mrs. Tremor the first point she had ever seemed desirous to carry, I consented; and invitations were accordingly issued for that day week. You will readily believe, Mr. Adviser, that I was not a little surprised to find that this party, which was to occasion neither trouble nor inconvenience, robbed me of all my comforts. Until then my wife had regularly read to me at breakfast all that was interesting in three morning papers, for the weakness of my sight renders it painful to me to read for any length of time; but the day after our invitations were given, she read only a few paragraphs, because she assured me there was nothing worth looking at—by the way, she said the same thing every day for the whole week—and after hurrying over breakfast in a most uncomfortable manner, she quitted the room, to make arrangements for our party. I always used to take some little nourishing thing in the middle of the day, which Mrs. Tremor had generally the goodness to prepare for me herself; but from the moment she began to arrange matters for this important evening, that task devolved on Betty, and consequently my beef-tea was watery, my chocolate oily, and my soup over-seasoned.

Well, Mr. Adviser, the important evening came at last, and, to my equal surprise and displeasure, the whole town poured in on us. Parties were immediately arranged for *tric-trac* and *boston,* which Miss Apemode has succeeded in rendering fashionable among us; and such was the noise and confusion, that I lost two games at chess, the first he ever won from me, to Captain Culverin, who has exulted in it ever since, and declares every where that he beats me at chess; although I protest to you, that the noise of the *tric-trac* tables, and the chattering of a confounded little Frenchman, made me give him my queen for a pawn in one game, and caused me to place three pieces in check at once in another; so you see what right he had to boast of his skill.

In the mean time the young people were amusing themselves with reels and country dances; for to the great disappointment of Miss Apemode, who presided as mistress of the ceremonies of the ball-room, none of them could figure in the waltz or fandango. While they were in the height of their mirth, my wife proposed that the dancing and cards should be suspended, that we might enjoy a little concert; which I found afterwards had been planned to bring forward the musical talents of the Misses Screechwell, one of whom favoured us with some airs in I know not what language, and her sister and Monsieur Frivole, the Frenchman I before spoke of, performed what they were pleased to call pieces of music, which Miss Apemode assured us were the *chefs d'œuvres* of Cimarosa, executed in the manner of Crescemini. I actually blushed at her hardihood in hazarding such a ridiculous compliment; which, however, our musicians received as the homage due to their genius.

At last, to my great satisfaction, the concert ended, and then Monsieur Frivole begged to have the honour of amusing the company with some slight-of-hand tricks, which he had been taught by the celebrated D'Olivier, and had often practised with much applause at the house of his friend *Madame la Duchesse de Parvenue*, in Paris. Our guests had not hitherto thought M. Frivole of much consequence, but the name of the duchess convinced them of their mistake, and they eagerly formed a circle round a table, at which the operator seating himself, exhibited dexterously enough several tricks with cards. The room rang with applause, which was not a little heightened by the whispers of Miss Apemode, that Monsieur Frivole was considered as the most skilful amateur of juggling in all Paris, and was absolutely doted upon by the *noblesse*. Alas! poor Monsieur Frivole, like the juggler of St. Helena, had "touched the topmost point of all his greatness." He took a glass filled with wine, which he said he would change into rose-leaves, and scatter them on the bosom of Miss Bloomless. But by some mismanagement or other the trick failed, and instead of rose-leaves, poor Miss Bloomless received the wine, not on her bosom but on one side of her face, which instantly exhibited the tints of the crocus, instead of the roses and lilies that had adorned it the moment before. But this was not all: the lady who sat on her right, exclaimed bitterly against the awkwardness which had completely spoiled her white satin robe; and the one on her left, who by the bye was the most difficult to appease, had, in her eagerness to see the experiment more clearly, leaned so forward, that her head struck against that of Miss Bloomless, and the violence of the concussion displaced her flaxen wig, and broke one of her Marabout feathers. The three ladies were loud in their reproaches, and the poor operator, frightened at the storm which the unlucky failure of his spell had raised, sought to conjure down its violence by promising Miss Bloomless a pot of genuine Parisian rouge. This promise unluckily rendered her ten times more furious, for prior to this discovery she always denied that she wore any.

Baffled in his first attempt at conciliation, he had not courage to address either of the other ladies, but retreated from the table with a shrug so expressive of mortification, that, for his sake, I was heartily glad to hear supper announced. As I had conditioned that we should not have a formal supper, I leave you to judge of my surprise, when I found a table profusely covered *à la Française.* Certainly nothing could be prettier than the appearance of our supper, but unfortunately it resembled the dinner of Toby Allspice, for we had nothing fit to eat, at least in my opinion: my good neighbours, however, did honour to the fricassees, friandeaus, &c. &c. &c. to the great satisfaction of my wife and her friend Miss Apemode; and at last, when I began to be heartily fatigued, they took leave.

I flattered myself, that in the course of a few days we should fall into our old quiet track; unfortunately, I was totally mistaken: from that day all the habits of my wife are changed; instead of attending to my comfort, she is for ever planning schemes of dissipation. I find remonstrance and entreaty alike ineffectual to stop the progress of a taste for pleasure and expense, which I supposed would be easily subdued, because it has been so lately acquired. By pointing out to me what means I could use to restore order and comfort in my family, you would, sir, effectually oblige your very humble servant,

TIMOTHY TREMOR.

If Mr. Tremor will follow my advice, he will directly oblige Miss Apemode to quit his house; for we may fairly conclude, that when the cause of the evil he complains of is removed, the effect will soon cease. Let him pursue lenient measures with his wife, let him even be generous towards her cousin; but let him separate them by all means: in this one point he must be firm. I would recommend to him to procure for his wife every rational amusement within his reach, and if her heart is as good as he seems to think it, gratitude will soon make her renounce those pleasures which are inimical to his tranquillity.

THE ADVISER.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XVIII.

He is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others.——Dr JOHNSON.

I SHALL continue another paper upon the same plan as my last. I must beg leave, however, to inform my fair correspondent who has been so good as to favour me with these fruits of her reading, that I do not wish to trouble her for a continuance of them: for though they certainly contain entertainment as well as instruction, and to many of my readers have the advantage of novelty; yet, as it is the profession of the *Female Tattler* to confine herself to original compositions, she must maintain her character by fulfilling her engagements.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

The inhabitants of China differ so entirely in their political as well as civil conduct and habits from the European nations, between whom there is, more or less, a certain degree of resemblance, that they cannot fail, in the relation of them, to gratify curiosity and awaken reflection.

On the day preceding the coronation of the Emperor of China, it is customary for all the sculptors in Pekin to present him with a piece of marble, that he may make a choice of one of these curious offerings, which is to form his monument when death has closed his reign, as on the day of his coronation the artist begins his sepulchral work. The sculptor who presents the marble which the emperor prefers, is appointed to the high honour, for such it is considered, of making the monument, the expense of which is sustained by the city of Pekin, and the price is paid before the work is begun. The ceremony of presenting the marble is accompanied with great pomp, and is considered as a splendid *memento mori* both to the sovereign and his subjects.

There is a singular affectation in the personal civilities, or what we might call the polite behaviour, of this people. They calculate with a rigid precision the number as well as the modes of formal respect, according to rank, distinction, ages, or habits of familiarity. The following are among their most remarkable reverential postures:—They, in their general salutations, move their hands in a gentle wave with an affectionate look, then join them on the breast, and add a moderate inclination of the head. To mark particular respect, they raise their joined hands, then lower them to the earth, and bend the body. When two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees, and bow their heads down towards the earth: this ceremony requires several repetitions before it is completed. Before a stranger or visitor takes his seat, the master of the house gravely salutes the chair, and when it is occupied, wipes the dust from the skirts of the robe worn by his guest.

Their expressions are as superfluous as their ceremonies. If a Chinese is asked how he finds himself in health, he answers, "I am very well, thanks to your abundant felicity." If they would tell any one that he looks well, they say, "Prosperity is painted on your face, and your air announces your happiness." In return for any service or act of kindness, they declare, "That their thanks shall be immortal." When they are praised, their reply is, "In all the extent of their comprehension, they are totally incapable of conceiving the truth of such an expression."—When a guest has dined with them, they tell him at parting, "That they have not been able to treat him with that degree of dignity which is so pre-eminently due to him." The various titles which they invent for each other, according to Father Duhalde, baffle all attempts to translate them.

It is, however, to be observed, that all these answers are prescribed by a known ritual, or academy of compliment, which determines also the number of bows, genuflexions, inclinations, expressions,

&c. which the circumstances of public or social life require. The lower classes also have their punctilios, to which they religiously conform themselves.

The physicians are said to possess great skill in the cure of diseases; but they render the profession of apothecary needless by compounding the medicine which they prescribe. One of their customs, however singular, may find its admirers, but few professional imitators in Europe. They are never paid but when they complete a cure.

At the commencement of the new year, the governor of every city in China, after having informed himself as to the character of those who are to be his guests, gives an entertainment to all those in his district who have performed some virtuous action. This feast is displayed in a large temporary building, on the top of which these words are written:—"Men of all ranks and conditions, it is virtue which places you here, and renders you all equal."

There is one superior excellence in the Chinese laws which the European governments would do well to imitate: not a beggar is seen in that country. Every individual is employed, even the lame and the blind; while those who are incapable of labour, are supported at the expense of the nation.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

Although the science of physiognomy has, among other branches of literature, received the support of the learned at almost every period in which learning was cultivated, it fell also into disrepute with other subjects, such as magic and alchemy, now very properly exploded as fantastic theories. The amiable and enthusiastic Lavater has, however, revived it, and since the publication of his ingenious work, it has attracted a very general attention.

D'Argonne says, "there is nothing more fallacious than physiognomy; and those who pretend to possess the art of knowing the mind and manners of persons by the traits of countenance, frequently deceive themselves when they undertake to instruct others. Whatever may be the pretensions of those who assume the character of physiognomists, no certain rules can be found for the practice of this science; and after studying such as are held forth with the greatest perseverance and care, experience will soon prove, that they are of no practical dependance.—What first induced me," continues this writer, "to reflect on the subject, was a knowledge I had of two brothers. One of them had a most inviting countenance, but was a character of uncommon infamy; while the other, the features of whose face were of the most forbidding nature, was a mirror of virtue and goodness. I have since continued to observe with attention the apparent characters of persons, as deducible from their looks, and, on inquiry, have very often discovered my opinions to be altogether erroneous."

It may be allowed, however, that we may more satisfactorily judge of the mind by physiognomy, which is the gift of nature, than from general manners, as education often effects very remarkable changes: but here also the observer is liable

to error. There are many of superior understanding whose countenances do not announce it; while others, who display an imposing cast of features, disappoint the expectation which they have raised. In short, our frame is liable to so many accidents, by which it may be altered and modified, and which have no connection with the disposition or talents of the person who may be exposed to them, that it far surpasses human skill to distinguish with accuracy between such modifications as are, and such as are not, connected with the mind. Besides, the countenance is liable to be determined by the temperaments of our ancestors, by education, by diet, climate, and sudden emotions; so that the determination given to our features by our mental character, may be so involved with, or hidden by, accidental circumstances, that it is in vain to attempt the study of a science whose limits are so confined.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that there is a change of colour and alteration of the countenance at the emotions of disgust, anger, and shame. But these are effects incidental to every one, whatever the conformation of features may be. They are, nevertheless, very striking on particular occasions. Madame de Stael, who was confined in the Bastile on some state affairs, relates of herself, that when she was summoned to undergo an examination, she took the precaution of putting on a large quantity of rouge, which she was not in the habit of wearing, to conceal as much as it was possible, that alteration of her countenance which might betray her.

CALUMNY.

The learned Pascal relates, that the church delayed giving the sacrament to calumniators and murderers until the hour of death. The council of Lateran decreed, that no one who had been guilty of calumny should be admitted into clerical orders; and the authors of false defamatory libels were condemned by Pope Adrian to be severely and publicly scourged. In Turkey, the houses of persons who have been guilty of propagating falsehoods to the injury of another, are painted black.

Apelles is related to have painted a picture, which is thus described:—Credulity, represented with long ears, and accompanied by Ignorance and Suspicion, stretches out her hands to Calumny. Ignorance was represented under the figure of a blind woman, and Suspicion appeared in the form of a man, who appeared to be agitated by secret disquietude. Calumny, with a ferocious look, occupied the centre of the picture, shaking a torch with her left hand; and with her right dragging Innocence, in the form of a supplicating child, by the hair of the head. She was preceded by Envy, who, with a wan, meagre look, and piercing eyes, was followed by Stratagem and Flattery at a remote distance. Truth was seen slowly advancing in the footsteps of Calumny, leading Repentance clad in a mourning robe.

ANTIPATHIES.

Strange stories are told by respectable writers of the violence and strange, unaccountable, and indeed incredible effects of antipathy.

A lady has been known to faint

Fol. u. b.

fumi	ΚΑΠΝΟΥ
Sol	ΟΗΛΙΟϹ
convertetur	ΜΕΤΑϹΤΡΑΦΗϹΕΤΑΙ
intenebras	ΕΙϹϹΚΟΤΟϹ
etluna	ΚΑΙΗϹΕΛΗΝΗ
insanguinem	ΕΙϹΑΙΜΑ
priusquamvenit	ΠΡΙΝΕΛΘΕΙΝ
dies	ΤΗΝΗΜΕΡΑΝ
domini	ΚΥ̅
magnus	ΤΗΝΜΕΓΑΛΗΝ
etpraeclarus	ΚΑΙΕΠΙΦΑΝΗ
eterit	ΚΑΙΕϹΤΑΙ
omnis	ΠΑϹ
quicumque	ΟϹΕΑΝ
invocaverit	ΕΠΙΚΑΛΕϹΗΤΑΙ
nomen	ΤΟΟΝΟΜΑ
domini	ΚΥ̅
salvuserit	ϹΩΘΗϹΕΤΑΙ
Viri	ΑΝΔΡΕϹ
istrahelitae	ΪϹΤΡΑΗΛΕΙΤΑΙ
audite	ΑΚΟΥϹΑΤΑΙ
verba	ΤΟΥϹΛΟΓΟΥϹ
haec	ΤΟΥΤΟΥϹ
ihesum	ΙΝ
nazoreum	ΤΟΝΝΑΖΩΡΑΙΟΝ

whenever she saw a lobster; and it is related of a person, that the sight of a carp would throw him into convulsions.

Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish of every kind, that the smell of them never failed to produce the most disagreeable effects on his stomach.

Joseph Scaliger could never bring himself, though he strove to conquer the aversion, to drink milk.

Monsieur de Lancre, in his *Tableau de l'Inconstance de toutes Choses*, declares he knew a very brave officer, who never dared to look at a mouse unless he had his sword in his hand.

Boyle, the great philosopher, never could conquer an aversion to the sound of water running through a pipe. La Mothe could not suffer the sound of musical instruments, but experienced a sensible pleasure whenever he heard the rattling thunder. The Turkish Spy tells his readers, that he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia, provided his hand grasped a sword, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark. He humorously attributes these secret antipathies to the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul; and supposes himself to have been once a *fly* before he came into his body, and that having been frequently persecuted by *spiders* in that state, he still retained the dread of his old arch-enemy, and which all the circumstances of his present metamorphosis was not able to efface.

The aversion to a cat is too common not to be known to every one. The Duke of Newcastle, the well-known and splendid minister of George I. and through a considerable part of the reign of George II. was affected to fainting if he saw a leg of mutton transversely carved. That joint, therefore, for fear of accidents, was never brought to his sumptuous table but in such a form of ragout as to become spoon-meat; and whenever he dined from home, his servant always went into the kitchen to prevent that excellent part of a sheep from appearing in its simple form upon the table.

F—— T——.

The story communicated to me by a lady, who adopts the singular signature of *Laodicea*, is so well written, as well as replete with interesting circumstances, that I shall be happy to give it to my readers, if she will inform me that it is a mere narrative of fancy. I have my reasons, which, as it may be supposed, I think very sufficient, to refuse its insertion if it is taken from real life. The moral to be found in these papers must not be drawn from living characters, whose literary portraits may probably give pain to those to whom it is my wish, as well as my duty, to give pleasure.

PLATE 37.—LITHOGRAPHIC FAC-SIMILE OF THE CODEX LAUDANUS

In the BODLEIAN LIBRARY *at* OXFORD.

IN the *Repository of Arts*, &c. for the month of April, we gave a general history of the Lithographic Art, and in the month following a brief account of the various purposes to which this important dis-

covery is applicable. In illustration of what we advanced upon the various powers of this invaluable art, we have as yet given in our preceding numbers only two examples; in the present we submit to public inspection a third instance, which is a fac-simile of a Greek and Latin manuscript in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and proves how admirably lithography is calculated to give the most exact imitation of ancient manuscripts of all languages, if they are in any tolerable state of preservation.

The manuscripts which have come down to these times, claiming an antiquity of above one thousand years, are exceedingly few in number, and these of the most important kind, as they generally are manuscripts of the Old and New Testament, or parts or fragments of one or the other of these portions of holy writ. Amongst the very few manuscripts of this description is the *Codex Laudanus*, which was one of a most valuable collection presented by Archbishop Laud to the Bodleian library at Oxford.

The *Codex Laudanus* contains the *Acts of the Apostles*, written upon vellum, in capital letters, and in parallel columns, one of which contains the Greek text, the other a Latin translation: it consists of 226 leaves, in 4to. One word, and seldom more than two, occupy each line; and they are so written, that each Latin word is always opposite to the correspondent Greek word. This clearly shews that it was written for the use of a person who was not well skilled in both languages, and as the Latin abounds with orthographical and grammatical errors, it is most probable that it was written by a Greek not very conversant with that tongue.

Dr. Mill has observed, that it resembles the manuscript from which the venerable Bede borrowed the readings which he quotes in his *Retractationes in Acta Apostolorum*; and Wetstein goes a step farther, and contends that it is the very same. From an edict of a Sardinian prince, written at the end of this manuscript, it is conjectured that this copy of the *Acts of the Apostles* was in existence in the seventh century.

It is much to be desired, that so important a manuscript, which accident may in one moment destroy, and unrelenting time will eventually obliterate, should be so preserved, that, happen what may to the *original*, scholars may have little or no cause to regret its destruction; and this is only to be accomplished by an accurate fac-simile of it, and which may now, as the specimen which accompanies this article abundantly testifies, be admirably executed by the lithographic art, and that at an expense comparatively small with that which it would cost to be engraved in copper or wood. There is reason to believe, that a gentleman, who has distinguished himself by a work of a similar kind, and of infinitely larger extent and more difficult execution, would, if he could be saved from pecuniary loss, undertake this desirable work, and thus present to the learned world one of the most acceptable gifts which a divine and a scholar can confer.

[library stamp]

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY.

(Continued from p. 286.)

As the whole lithographic art depends on the relations of certain bodies to each other, so likewise it chiefly depends on the circumstance, that a substance, not miscible with water, capable of penetrating stone, or of adhering to it, but which mixes well with colouring bodies, be discovered, as well as a stone to which water adheres only mechanically, and which permits fluids not miscible with water to attach themselves to or combine with it. Hence it is easy to infer, that the wetted part of the stone, at the same time that it rejects the greasy substance not miscible with water, is not coloured by the printing-ink; and that the greased part of the stone repels the water, takes the ink, and consequently gives an impression.

Stones that are too brittle, and other kinds which are naturally soft, are unserviceable; and it is only by many years diligent observation that it is possible to acquire an accurate knowledge of stones, and to apply them properly to the different methods of printing. Hitherto the stones best adapted to the purposes of lithography, have been found in the county of Pappenheim in Bavaria. They are of a calcareous nature, of a gray, white, and yellowish colour, often intermixed with different kinds of veins. It is well known that most species of stone imbibe aqueous as well as greasy fluids, which are of contrary natures; but it would be forming a very mistaken notion of lithography to suppose, that it consisted in the method which has long been known of etching upon calcareous stones, in order to produce raised letters with little trouble.

In this case, indeed, the strokes which are to remain raised are covered with grease, and then the unguarded ground is dissolved by acids, &c. to the required depth, and those strokes of course stand forward. This method might certainly have led to the discovery of stone types, but not to the art of lithography as at present practised: for here the question is, how to apply the unchanged surface of the stone to the desired purpose. One of the most important points was gained when it was ascertained, that the stone, wherever it has imbibed water, admits no greasy substance. It is only upon the greasy spot that grease can be laid, but to the other part, as long as it is kept in due order, none will adhere. If, then, the stone be smeared with a greasy colour (as, for instance, printers' ink), it adheres only where the kindred substance attracts the new application, and all the lines and figures which have been designedly made with grease upon the stone, are thereby rendered more distinct. That such colours, when freshly laid on, can be transferred by means of pressure to other bodies, is a deduction from other long known facts. But what now is thought easy, and seems perfectly natural, was certainly very far from appearing so at first.

The nature of the thing itself and experience prove, that the new

art of lithography possesses a distinct independent character, and cannot be considered as a collateral branch of an art already cultivated. From the extraordinary degree of perfection to which all the previously known methods of printing had been brought, the position—that there existed another totally different process for printing—could not but appear almost incredible, if it were not already demonstrated by facts. But it is remarkable that this very process, the last discovered of all, is that which, in the nature of things, would be expected to have occurred the first to the spirit of observation. Its fundamental principle depends upon such common phænomena, that we are only astonished that this mode of printing did not suggest itself to the most ancient nations. It owes its recent origin to the observations of an ingenious mind; it has rapidly developed itself, and been brought by the efforts of various lovers of the arts to considerable perfection. It was soon found, however, that this art required a peculiar treatment and cultivation. Notwithstanding all the doubts and objections that have been started against it; notwithstanding all the failures and disgraces which it has experienced, it still maintains its ground by new and incontestable proofs of its peculiar merits, which are now more highly estimated than ever. Though, therefore, mere curiosity may care less about it than formerly, yet the more polished and reflecting part of all nations now begin to consider the matter in a more serious light, and thus emphatically acknowledge, that they know how to distinguish this art from ephemeral illusions. It is only by the united exertions of able chemists and mechanics, by the active co-operation of artists and amateurs, and by great practice, that this art can attain the highest degree of perfection, to which it is already approaching. Simple as the theory of lithography may be considered, the more difficult is its execution upon a large scale, which cannot succeed without a practice of many years. We have a proof of this in the early polyautographic works published in London, the drawings for which were by the first artists of this metropolis, but which are mere essays, that received their value rather from the assisting hand than from the execution itself.

Attractive and interesting as this art may be to artists, and easy as the complete practice of it may appear upon a superficial consideration, still every lover of the arts will easily be convinced, that a course of lessons, taken at the rate of two guineas, can merely suffice to enable the learner to produce at his leisure perhaps better repetitions of the little imperfect essays, which are made only piecemeal, and which may serve for beginners in drawing. It would be just the same as if you were to enumerate to an artist all the different methods of lithography; to tell him that drawings are made for them with pen, pencil, or chalk; that there is the wood-cut, the line, the dot, and the aquatint manner; that the impressions are of one or more colours; that there are white figures upon dark grounds of various hues, &c. &c.

*** The fac-simile of the *Codex Laudanus*, p. 341, is a specimen of lithographic art for this month.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

THIS year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy is perhaps the most crowded in works of art that we have seen for many years. The passion of the public for portraits has of course had its full share in making up this number. The poetical and historical pictures, though not numerous, are in some instances extremely good, and the very favourable reception they have met with, displays an improvement in public taste, which is likely to lead to the most favourable results in the general cultivation of a taste for the fine arts.

The space which we can devote to a subject of this description, must necessarily be limited, and we are compelled to confine our observations to some of the most prominent works in the different branches of art in the present Exhibition: we are therefore under the necessity of overlooking a number of others of very considerable merit, which do great credit to the taste and skill of our artists.

The principal works of imagination in this collection, are from the pencil of the Professor of Painting; viz.

Perseus starting from the Cave of the Gorgons. From *Hesiod.*

Theodore in the haunted Wood, deterred from rescuing a Female chased by an infernal Knight. From *Boccacio.*

And two others from the Saxon story of *Das Nibelungen Lied.*

H. FUSELI, R. A.

It has been truly said by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that nothing more can be expected from an artist than what he intends in his subjects. Estimating the works of Mr. Fuseli according to this rule, we are bound to state in the first instance, that the intention of the artist in the pictures before us, so far as we understand it, is to arrest the mind by an interest of the highest and most agitating description; an interest if not of actual horror, at least of that sublime cast which borders very closely on that sensation. It is evident, that to effect such a purpose, all ordinary materials must be proscribed, and the sensation must, if at all, be produced by a selection of subject which will at once strike the mind with grandeur and awe, and at the same time admit a bold and rapid execution, in which the power of invention and latitude of description must supersede if not entirely banish that ordinary adherence to nature and rule, which truth and practice require in common works. In the *Perseus* and *Theodore* of Mr. Fuseli, we are at once struck with the peculiarities of this artist's genius; that copious and fertile invention which disdains to touch the subjects of the day, and prefers even a failure in the attempt to reach sublimity, to certain success in pursuing a path in which he must have companions and competitors. In the first of these pictures, it is impossible not to be struck with the attitude of Perseus; it is original and grand; it is said to resemble the Satan in the designs for Milton by Mr. Fuseli, but we think it has by far more force—it has certainly a grander and more

striking effect. In the other figures of the picture there is undoubtedly peculiar grace: it seems, however, to be of that quality for the attainment of which propriety (strictly speaking) is not unfrequently sacrificed. Of the expression of the heads we have only to say, that the utmost severity of character which it were possible to command, has been infused into the *Perseus;* the artist has here applied his strongest effort, and left nothing save subordinate horror for his Gorgon head, which should certainly have commanded the superiority in the expression of this sentiment. When we make this observation, we can hardly call it a failing when we consider the illustrious names to whom such criticism has been applied. In the celebrated Cartoon of *Christ giving Peter the Keys,* Raphael has been accused of exhausting the noble dignity of his description before he came to his principal figure, and being compelled to adopt in that what was already seen in the general group. In the colouring of this picture the artist appears to have adhered to not a very popular branch of Reynolds's maxims. He has selected a style of colouring suited to his subject—a deep and sombre hue, that tends to promote the artist's aim of conveying a sentiment of grandeur and sublimity. In the female figure in the picture of *Theodore,* we were struck with a combination of expression and superior execution that is not always to be found in Mr. Fuseli's pictures. This figure adds correctness of execution to spirit and vigour of style; it presents a union of soft lines contrasted with the harshness of those of the other figure. The advantage of such a combination and contrast is very powerful, and certainly not beneath the study of a man of strong genius. The other two pictures are remarkable for the display of a strong and vivid imagination, and also for the loose and careless execution that is too often found to be its unfavourable concomitant, where the executory parts are suffered to yield to the uncontrouled range of a boundless fancy. We are the more particular in attempting to describe the style of this artist, as he seldom favours the public with any of his productions.

Cupid and Ganymede.—H. Thomson, R. A.

This picture is quite in an opposite style to the last. It addresses the senses through a different medium, because it is intended to produce a dissimilar effect. A display of exquisite beauty and soft tender expression is the leading characteristic of this picture. This is produced by the resources of a poetical conception and the exquisite combination of colouring which fine taste can array. The figure of Ganymede is in shadow, for the purpose of giving effect by contrast to the other figures, but it is shewn in a rich and striking manner. There is a novelty in the expression of the countenance of Cupid, who loses all his artful and engaging features in his mischance at play—all his winning qualities fail when his pastimes are with the dice. Venus is painted with great softness and delicacy; but the expression of her head is perhaps the least poetical part of the figure—it savours too much of common

character, and is far inferior to that of Ganymede, whose figure is throughout finely depicted. The minor parts of the picture, the materials for play, &c. are exquisitely finished, and the general character of the composition is in the highest degree fascinating and poetical.

The venerable President of the Academy has this year contributed three historical pictures:

The Birth of Esau and Jacob.
The Naming of John.
Abraham and his Son Isaac going to sacrifice.
B. West, P.R.A.

The merits of this eminent man are certainly to be found more strongly marked in works superior to those in the present Exhibition. Great and justly acquired reputation will have always standard works to refer to, and the most vigorous mind cannot be always on the rack of exertion. The works just named of the President must, in candour, be considered more as the relaxation from his severer labours, than the test of his high abilities. The largest of these pictures appears to be in imitation (possibly for casual study or practice) of the style of some of the old masters, who indulged in strong *chiaroscuro*, and the attempt has been made with considerable success. They display, however, a superior command of dignity and expression, which denote the hand of a master, and now and then remind us of those works of Mr. West, to which he has devoted that attention of which he is so capable, and that talent which he has so often displayed in the first walk of his art.

The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire. Rome being determined on the overthrow of her hated rival, demanded from her such terms as might either force her into war, or ruin her by compliance: the enervated Carthaginians, in their anxiety for peace, consented to give up even their arms and their children.
—J. W. M. Turner, R.A.

————" At Hope's delusive smile,
The chieftain's safety and the mother's pride
Were to th' insidious conqu'ror's grasp resign'd;
While o'er the western wave th' ensanguin'd sun,
In gathering haze a stormy signal spread,
And set portentous."

In every view which we can take of this picture (the artist's own description of which we prefix), we are inclined to give it the most unqualified praise. The awful description of the setting sun, so exquisitely described by the poet in the three last lines of the extract above made, has been chiefly attended to by Mr. Turner; and never has so bold an attempt been crowned with greater success. The rich orange-yellow reflection caused by the rays of the sun falling through a misty vapour, is inimitable; and the wonderful effect of shadow it produces upon the splendid architecture of the city, has never been surpassed. The colouring of every part of the picture is full of extreme richness; the figures of the enervated Carthaginians are described with that appearance of voluptuous languor which denotes their fallen state. It is impossible to pass over the execution of the architectural parts of this picture: they are drawn with purity and correctness; the Grecian orders are carefully preserved, and the arrangement of the build-

ings in perspective is formed with so much adherence to geometrical rule, that the eye is carried through the immense range of magnificent edifices with such rapidity, that we entirely forget the artist, and merely dwell on the historic vision. Mr. Turner has here embodied the whole spirit of Virgil's poetical description of the event, its awful grandeur, and solemnity of effect.

The Court for the Trial of Queen Katharine.—G. H. Harlow.

At first view of this picture we are struck with the fine expression of the heads, and their admirable portraiture of the Kemble family, and others whom they are intended to represent. They are not only correct in point of likeness, but true with respect to the expressions of character required in Shakspeare's play. Added to this merit, is a fine arrangement of colouring, true to nature, and softening into a most harmonious combination. A fault we find with this picture is, a want of proportion in the figures and their situations; in the back-ground they recede badly, and are out of perspective. The arm of Katharine appears to us too small for the general size of the body—a defect which not even the admirable and dignified expression of the queen can redeem. We must again bear favourable testimony to the character and colouring of the picture.

View of Jumbukrishna, the great Hindoo Temple on the Island of Seringham, near Trichinopoli, East Indies.—T. Daniell, R. A.

The general effect of this picture is good; it is remarkable for the display of Oriental architecture, which, though not of the most inviting kind, is certainly not deficient in interest. It has not the loose and flowing arrangement of lines which delights us in the style of Grecian temples, neither has it the massive heaviness of the Egyptian: it partakes, however, of the solidity of the latter, and of something like a resemblance to the enriched parts of the former. Mr. Daniell has represented it with care. The colouring is good, and the execution of the picture creditable.

The landscapes in this Exhibition are numerous, and in general well finished.

View from Nature—View taken from the Grounds at Bromley-Hill, Kent.—Mrs. C. Long, H.

Mrs. Charles Long, who is an honorary member of the Academy, has exhibited this year two beautiful landscapes. The first of these may vie with any other in the Exhibition; it has a softness and delicacy of colouring which is simple and natural. It is impossible to see these pictures without paying that tribute of respect to the genius and taste of this lady, to which she is so peculiarly entitled.

Fishermen coming ashore before Sunrise.—W. Collins, A.

Mr. Collins has five pictures in this Exhibition; they contain strong specimens of this artist's style of execution. His landscapes are extremely pleasing and natural, and the sunny effect which his pencil describes, cannot be too highly praised. The picture of the *Fisherman* possesses considerable merit, and the time which the artist has selected is represented with good effect.

South-west View of Armidel, Lord Macdonald's Seat.--W. Daniell, A.

This is a very good and pleasing landscape. The scenery is very fine, and its representation well attended to.

The Bard.—J. Martin.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king.——GRAY.

The powers of this artist are certainly of a very high order, but he seems to dwell too much on the first sentiments of a lofty imagination. His picture of *Joshua*, in the last year's Exhibition, was very grand, and justly admired, though we fear not sold. His composition from Gray's *Elegy*, in the British Institution, had also a great deal of merit. His present work displays the force of his mind, but it wants something like variety: we do not mean that an artist should travel out of his way to look for variety, we only require it of him when it can consistently be introduced. No man is allowed to copy from another; neither is he, we apprehend, strictly allowed to copy from himself. Mr. Martin's composition of *The Bard* is certainly a fine picture, but the struggle to make it grand has almost made it artificial. The artist is not content that his alpine summits should hide their rugged heads in the clouds, but he has in some places actually made them above them: we doubt whether the air has ever been so rarefied on "Snowden." The water is finely arranged, but it is not so transparent as it might have been made with a little more care and attention. Notwithstanding these inattentions, rather than defects, we admire the general merit of the composition.

The Breakfast.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

We cannot speak of this picture in any other language than that which we have been in the constant habit of applying to Mr. Wilkie's general compositions. It has all the force and truth of character that we find in his domestic subjects, and that exquisite finish and beautiful arrangement of colouring which he has at command. The fire, and the sunbeam playing on the carpet, in this little picture, are universally and deservedly admired.

The portraits in this Exhibition are from the pencils of all the artists who practise in this branch of art, and maintain (if it be enviable to maintain it) our great superiority in portrait-painting. Mr. Shee's Lady *Vivian* and Mr. *Roscoe* are spoken of with more than ordinary praise. Mr. Dawe's portraits of *H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte* and *H. S. H. the Prince of Saxe-Coburg* are also much admired. There is great ease and dignity in the air and attitude of her royal highness; the artist has caught the character as well as the likeness, and finished a very fine picture.

MODEL-ACADEMY.

SCULPTURE.

The improvement in our taste for sculpture was never more to be desired than it is at the present moment, when the nation is about to record by monumental works the brilliant achievements of her sons. So far as records destined to convey to posterity some idea of the valour of our country, these works are comparatively of little moment; for the page of history will sufficiently preserve and attest

the character of our times, the memorable events in which we have acted, and the names of the illustrious men by whom such deeds were accomplished. But it is the taste of the age that will be judged of in future times by the works which we shall leave behind us; and in this view we do not at all regret the delay that has arisen in making selections for these subjects, and we fear there must be a still longer one before the arrangement can be decided upon. The monumental sketches in this Exhibition, though not devoid of merit, are yet without that decided character which would warrant their adoption on an occasion of so much importance.

Terpsichore—Hebe.—Canova, P. P. A. S. Luca.

These two statues are by the celebrated Roman sculptor Canova, now Marquis of Ischia. The figures are finely poetical, and finished in the highest perfection. The poetical feeling which this artist has displayed in the composition of the *Hebe*, is beautiful in the extreme, if we except the face of the figure, which is rather too simpering: the upper lip is drawn up with a stiffness that does not accord with the ease and buoyancy of the rest of the figure. The faces of both statues want appropriate expression; and the same observation applies to Canova's bust of *Peace*, also in this Exhibition. They are mannered, and seem as if taken more from a favourite Italian model, than from the fertile resources of the artist's own highly cultivated imagination. The high finish of these figures is remarkable, and may afford to our artists a tolerable idea of the length to which it can be carried, and the effect it is calculated to produce.

Monument to be placed in Litchfield Cathedral, in Memory of two only Children.—F. Chantrey, A.

The children are represented in the act of sleeping; there is a natural and pleasing character in their countenances, a sweetness of expression, a freshness and fleshy softness, that do great credit to the taste and skill of the artist. The figures are very highly finished, and display considerable powers of execution.

Maternal Love.—J. Flaxman, R. A.

The composition of this group is very interesting; it is simple and affecting: but the execution might perhaps be in some minor parts improved, and made more to correspond with the merit of the composition itself.

Prometheus chained.—J. Kendrick.

The attitude of Prometheus is well composed, and the anatomy of the figure good. Between the under part of the left shoulder and the elbow there appears, however, too great a mass of muscular flesh, for which we cannot account. The feet are also rather large. The composition has strong character, and deserves praise.

The Rape of Proserpine.—J. Heffernan.

"Swift as his thought he seized the beauteous prey,
And bore her in his sooty car away."

The artist has executed an excellent model from this poetical subject. He has given to the "grizzly monster" Pluto the muscular vigour which the poet confers upon him, and finely contrasted with it the more delicate and beautiful

forms of Proserpine and her Nymph. There is a delicate sweep of serpentine lines in the composition, that is extremely pleasing, and which developes considerable taste.

A Statue of Flora—Hercules wrestling with Achelous.—E. H. Baily.

Mr. Baily's *Flora* has a fine general expression of character, and the attitude is extremely beautiful. We would, however, beg leave to ask the artist, whether if the face were plump, round, and delicate, instead of having something like a common-place hardness, the effect would not be better, and more suited to the character of the figure? The drapery might be a little improved in the arrangement, so as to receive more feeling.

In the *Hercules* and *Achelous* there is certainly great vigour; but Hercules must have put himself in a firmer attitude than that in which the artist has placed him, before he could have overthrown his antagonist. As he now stands, he is as much at the command of his opponent as his opponent is of him; and if the Olympic games were to be revived in modern times, and periodically represented at Hounslow or Coombe Wood, the odds would be even as Mr. Baily has placed the combatants, and Achelous would at least have had breathing time before he would have been compelled to exclaim—

And, dragg'd upon my knees, I bit the sand.
OVID.

Restoration of the Torso.--P. Chenu.

There is some good execution in this figure, but it leans awkwardly, and inclines for support to the side opposite to that where the artist has placed the club.

There are some good designs by Mr. Theed and other artists in this Exhibition.

The busts, like the portraits, are numerous and good; but our limits will not allow us to enter into further details.

The Prince Regent has presented (what was much wanted) a fine collection of casts to the Royal Academy. The pedestals, in endless repetition, bear the name of the royal donor. Why were not the proper names marked? We fear too many of the frequenters of the Exhibition were not so well versed in subjects of this kind as to catch the names of the figures. But we cannot extend this subject farther.

OIL AND WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION.

THE thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours in Spring-Gardens, displays a very considerable proficiency on the part of the Exhibition since last year. It contains three hundred and forty-five works, not the least attraction of which is their being generally representations of interesting scenery, and not, as we too often find in our public Exhibitions, mere delineations of individual character, or of local and unattractive objects. Our anxiety to promote the interests of a useful institution, and in doing so to advance the general reputation of the fine arts of our country, induces us to make some observations (and we can only make some) upon the works in this Exhibition.

Landscape Composition.—J. Glover.

This picture (one of twenty-one which Mr. Glover has this year exhibited, and which the catalogue notifies obtained a gold medal from the King of France at the Louvre, in 1814,) is what a good composition ought to be—a finely selected combination of views taken from some of the fairest specimens of Nature's scenery. The colouring is rich and beautiful; the tints are warm and mellow; but some of the parts in the fore-ground appear worked up with too artificial an air: the figures are also deficient in pastoral playfulness. The general composition is, however, very good; and the execution of the picture in all the principal parts is highly meritorious, and entitled the artist to the tribute he received from Louis XVIII. The *Cattle* picture, and smaller landscapes, by Mr. Glover, are very well executed, and display a chasteness of colouring and a careful style of working, which shew that the artist pursues his labours with judgment and effect.

Mr. C. V. Fielding this year exhibits thirty-two pictures. The number is so appalling, and the merit so even in the whole, that we hardly know where to commence, or, as our limits severely restrict us, to what to confine our hasty observations.

Mountains at the Head of Trœthmaur, Merionethshire; Storm passing off.—C. V. Fielding.

We select this subject, not because it contains greater merit than any of the rest, for we must protest against such an assumption, but that the subject seems more suited to the turn of the artist's mind, and the general direction which his talents appear to have received in the course of his professional pursuits. The great aim of this artist is the attainment of a style somewhat resembling the wild and romantic grandeur of Salvator Rosa. This style has great and insurmountable difficulties: the powers of daring and aspiring genius are certainly competent to surmount every obstacle, and Salvator Rosa conquered every thing. Mr. Fielding has certainly justified the attempt by the bold and vigorous execution which he occasionally developes, but he is not always the same. When he wishes to be painstaking, his labour is undisguised; you see that he has been at work. It is but justice to him to say, that he now and then redeems this effort of labour by a rapid execution; and the picture before us is, in this respect, a good specimen of his powers.

Loch Achray and Ben Ledi, from the East Side of Ben Venue.—G. F. Robson.

"The minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Ben Venue;
For, ere he parted, he would say,
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray.
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?"

Mr. Robson has exhibited twenty-five pictures. The drawings of this artist are remarkable for correctness and taste: that of Loch Achray is a beautiful composition, and has every thing to recommend it to attention. The appearance of the mountains is truly grand and poetical, and the reflection cast upon the lake gives a fine and sombre effect to the composition.—*Waterloo Bridge,* from Privy-Gardens, is also much admired. The view

is taken early in the morning, and the serenity and clearness of the atmosphere are well calculated to render still more interesting the *coup d'œil* of one of the most beautiful bridges in Europe. The perspective is managed with great care in this picture, and the partial view of the city within the range of the prospect, is introduced with pleasing effect.

"*No one coming to marry me*"—*Mother Ludlam's Cave, or the Maiden's Wish.*—T. Uwins.

The two works we have just named form a part of sixteen which Mr. Uwins has contributed to the present Exhibition. In the first of these pictures, the expression of the maiden's face is good, and her plaintive sigh excellently depicted. The same observation will apply to the second, which is a good representation of the old tale of Mother Ludlam's having the charm of fulfilling the "wish nearest the heart" of all lasses who consult her. The countenance of the boy who overhears the lass's wish, did not appear to us to indicate sufficient eagerness (as the catalogue expresses it) to accomplish her wish "without the aid of witchcraft." A stronger reflection of the yellow tint of the foliage would have also tended to harmonize the colour of her arms and neck. We are aware that this artist, when he pleases, can impart the exquisite charms of colouring. His four beautifully poetic subjects (Nos. 291, 5, 6, and 7,) most forcibly illustrate this opinion. They are highly finished, and handled with a spirit and precision that do considerable credit to the artist.

Boars fighting.—R. Hills.

This is one of eight pictures by Mr. Hills, of whose style it is strikingly characteristic. There is a kind of coincidence between the occasional choice of subjects of this artist and Mr. Uwins. Their conception, disposition, and execution of pastoral subjects, are purely natural. Simplicity is the most fascinating feature in their fancy, and with its concomitant grace, forms one of the grand attributes of art. It was this quality, when carried into superior elevation, that distinguished Raphael, Poussin, Juliano, Guido, and Titian, from their crowd of cotemporaries. But although Mr. Hills and Mr. Uwins seem to trace with unabated ardour (in this age of refinement, as it is called,) those nearly neglected charms of nature, still there is a subtlety of distinction between their different means, or agents, for accomplishing this end. The one directs his efforts to the delineation of landscape and cattle; the other generally confines himself to rural figures, or domestic scenery and concerns. The first surprises us with his energetic spirit in the delineation of animal ferocity and unwieldy strength, and occasionally amuses us with the playfulness and sagacity of his dogs and domestic animals; the other gives a more true and captivating delight, by the luxurious character of some of his subjects, the innocency of his girls, and the arch waggery of his boys. Mr. Hills sometimes gives a full display of the richness of his art by the beautiful verdure and undulating declivities of his foregrounds and the second distance,

which he occasionally chequers by the intermissive introduction of well executed water.

Still Life.—A. Cooper.

We have often noticed the pleasing and natural subjects to which this artist directs his almost undivided attention. The hare suspended by the legs, in this picture, is admirably executed; clear *chiaroscuro* and freedom of pencil are every where observable in it. The head of the fox is very fine; but we overheard a schoolboy appropriately inquire, what was become of renard's legs.

The Goose and Golden Eggs.—J. Cawse.

This is a good illustration of the fable in Æsop. The accused boy's dismay, and the younger one's surprise, are forcibly depicted.

Studies of Heads.—R. B. Haydon.

This artist exhibits three sketches or studies of heads, in which he has displayed that strong and vigorous expression of outline for which he is so remarkable. The character of each is diversified, to give that peculiar feeling and resemblance to the portrait which it was the artist's intention to convey.

Messrs. N. and W. J. Pocock have furnished some excellent marine pieces, which attract considerable attention. Mrs. Mulready, Mrs. J. Groves, Misses H. Gouldsmith, A. Walton, Landseer, E. E. Kenrick, and A. Hayter, have this year honoured the Exhibition with their productions, the whole of which are extremely creditable to these fair votaries of art, and characteristic of that delicacy and sensibility for which their sex is so peculiarly distinguished, and which give them so great a superiority over our less refined taste in works of imagination and fancy.

We regret that our limits will not admit of our entering more into the details of an Exhibition, that is highly creditable to the growing taste and talent of our rising artists.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Les Menus Plaisirs, a Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Barham, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 4s.

This divertimento consists of three movements: a short allegro, a moderato, and a rondo, all of which are in two sharps. The allegro is energetic, and presents, in the second and third pages, some fine melodious ideas, assigned to crossed hands. The moderato sets out with a beautiful pastoral subject, under a select accompaniment; and its second strain, in which the left hand also acts as principal, is particularly fascinating; in the fifth and sixth pages, Mr. C. has exhibited various attractive triplet passages; the subject is neatly reintroduced in *p.* 7, and still more pleasingly thrown into the lower octave *p.* 8. The rondo is devised upon a pretty walz theme, the different strains of which possess the most agreeable variety. One of them (*p.* 10, *l.* 1,) is borrowed from a passage in the finale of the second act in *Il Don Giovanni.* In the same page a very agreeable strain in G occurs; and in *p.* 12 the main subject is repre-

sented in the shape of an excellent variation, which serves to lead to an active and well finished conclusion.

Tyrolean Waltz, with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-Forte, dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Coburg, by Frederick Kalkbrenner. Op. 29. Pr. 3s.

Mr. K. has made a happy choice of his theme for these variations. It is a Tyrolese air, the winning simplicity of which bespeaks the authenticity of its national origin. National airs, although generally the offspring of natural and untutored taste, frequently possess charms of melody, which the most skilful composer either finds himself unable to produce, or thinks it beneath his sphere to create. Paesiello was free from a prejudice of the latter kind; and hence his airs will probably outlive the more studied compositions of greater masters than himself. To produce good melody, requires innate musical feeling; the artifices of composition may be mastered by any plotting, painstaking head, just as well as narrow intellects can pore over and accomplish intricate calculations. But to return to Mr. K.'s variations: we feel pleasure in stating, that their value corresponds with the high opinion which we have expressed of his talents on several former occasions. The first, with its triplet accompaniments, crossed hands, and apposite change of general harmony, has our cordial approbation. No. 3. is particularly tasteful, and distinguished by some select chords into which its second strain is made to merge. The 4th variation, in minor key, is conceived in the higher style of composition, impressive and scientific, especially the able conclusion of the second strain. Without detailing the excellencies of the remaining three variations and coda, it may be sufficient to state, that the interest is kept up by a constant succession of new thoughts, and of diversified and masterly harmonic treatment.

Les Etrennes, Conversation for the Piano-Forte and Flute, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Caroline Dawkins, by C. M. Sola. Op. 47. Pr. 5s.

Of the three movements before us, the first particularly ingratiates itself by the proper and tasteful style of its composition, as also by its fine flute passages, which act responsively with the piano-forte with the best effect; and nevertheless will be found to present no deterring difficulties. In the succeeding adagio in C minor, Mr. S. does not appear to have been quite so successful, either in point of melody or harmony; but the strain in C major is sweetly devised, and comes in with suitable contrast of expression. The rondo, in polacca style, is lightsome and pretty: here the flute and piano-forte are again set in effective alternation of passages, although the latter appears rather under too much repetition; and the coda is brilliant, and terminates with some selectly chosen chords. We are happy to find Mr. Sola to belong to the increasing number of sensible composers, who have adopted Maelzel's Metronome to indicate the right tempo of their movements.

La Sylphe, an Overture for the Piano-Forte, with Flute Accom-

paniments, composed, and dedicated to Miss Catherine Elvira Kennedy, by W. Ling. Op. 16. Pr. 3s.

Mr. Ling's productions have more than once favourably engaged our pen. He combines good style with correct expression; his ideas are neat, he developes them with regularity, and strings them on each other with proper connection and in a workmanlike manner.—These merits we again remark in the overture before us, which does not aim at a pompous display of profound thoughts, or intricate harmonies; but is, nevertheless, of a character sufficiently striking in effect, properly diversified by digressive matter, and throughout satisfactory. The second movement, which is called the Fairy Dance, begins precisely like Haydn's Military Rondo, is light and playful, presents some appropriate modulations in the eighth page, and terminates with an agreeable little coda. This publication is well calculated for the desk of moderately skilled performers, as it combines attractive melody and harmony with facility of execution.

Le Troubadour, the highly popular and admired French Air so universally played at Paris, arranged, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by S. F. Rimbault. Op. 14. Pr. 2s.

The theme of these variations, although resembling the French air known to *us* by the above name, differs considerably from its melody. Mr. R. has exhibited it in *tempo di marcia*, and in $\frac{2}{4}$ time; whereas the air itself is an andante in $\frac{3}{4}$ time: so that in fact what Mr. R. propounds as theme is already a variation. Of the variations themselves, the first, which we consider as the best, is conceived in a very agreeable style of smoothly connected passages; the second variation differs very little from the first, except that the bass is set in triplets, and that triplets conclude two or three periods in the treble. Var. 3, in the relative minor key and allied major, is quite in the usual manner of *minore* movements, but proper upon the whole and satisfactory. This may be said of the whole of the publication, which has the merit of being adapted to moderate capacities; but there is not a sufficient diversity of style and treatment in the different variations. Their great resemblance to each other produces a monotonous effect.

"*Charity*," *the much-admired Ballad, as sung by Mr. J. King at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, in the celebrated Pantomime of "Harlequin and the Sylph of the Oak, or the Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green*," *composed* by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The music of this ballad is simple, as it should be, without being vulgar. The ideas are not new, but they adapt themselves kindly to the words; indeed they remind us of the character and manner of the tunes used by mendicant songsters in the streets of London.

"*My Bessy, dear, my Treasure*," *a favourite Ballad, as sung by Mr. J. King in the above Pantomime, composed* by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

An agreeable, lively air, conceived in good style, and supported by proper accompaniment. A little more variety would have been desirable in the latter half of the

song, in which there is too much repetition of the same thoughts. The vocal and instrumental parts are of easy execution.

The much-admired Pas de Trois, as danced by the Miss Dennetts in the above Pantomime, composed and selected by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

As the music of this *pas de trois* is not offered with any pretensions to originality, it may be sufficient to state, that it consists of several popular dance-tunes, well calculated, no doubt, for the object in view, and supported by an easy and appropriate accompaniment for the left hand.

"The Baronet's Choice," sung by Miss Kelly at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written and composed by the Author of "The Village Milk-maid." Pr. 2s.

In our former notices of "The grateful Cottager" and "The Village Milkmaid," composed by the author of the present publication, we mixed our praise of the melodies with some animadversions touching the harmonic arrangement of the music. "The Baronet's Choice," while less liable to criticism in the latter respect, is equally deserving our approbation with regard to the former. The air is tastefully conceived; the periods seem to arise naturally out of each other; and the *style* of their several accompaniments shews a familiarity with good music. Thus, for instance, the repletive thirds in the piano-forte part of the last bar, *p.* 3, produce softness of connection, which, in our opinion, might have been still augmented by assigning to the voice in the latter half of that bar the quavers F※, G, G※, instead of F※, G, A (thereby avoiding the repetition of A, which occurs again in the next bar). The accompaniment in that case would have required the slight alteration D, E, F※, and have dropt into F※ 6 in the next bar. The poetry, which is simple and homely, possesses proper moral tendency, but it is very deficient in point of metrical regularity: not one stanza can be scanned with either of its companions, the same line in each having at one time nine, at another ten and even eleven syllables. To give an instance:

ĭn | găllănt | pŏmp ăr | rāy'd

answers to the following line:

Hē hĕr | fāthĕr's cŏn | sĕnt ŏ | bēy'd.

The study of prosody, therefore, may be as useful to the poet as that of thorough-bass to the composer. This metrical slovenliness dates, we believe, from the overflow of the Hippocrenian lochs in the North, and has, we fear, gained such ground, that our attempt to contribute to the raising of a poetical Picts' wall comes too late.

Four Songs, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed and dedicated to Mrs. Gaskell, by F. C. Meyer. Pr. 5s.

Mr. Meyer's labour before us greatly distinguishes itself from those numberless lyric compositions of the present day, which are remarkable for nothing but the unblushing boldness and obstinacy with which the same hacknied ideas are again and again ruminated, remoulded, or even barely reprinted, so that the fresh type and paper constitute their only novelty. The predominant character of these songs is chaste musical feeling, pa-

thetic expression, and select arrangement of the harmonies.

The first air, "As o'er the cold sepulchral stone," is conspicuous for its fine impressive melody, seconded by a good arpeggio accompaniment. The text of the second, "Mourner of hope destroy'd," is a free translation, or rather an imitation of a German sonnet, which, if we recollect rightly, has been also set to music by Beethoven. Mr. M.'s composition of it demands our unfeigned praise. It is conceived in the best style; the music is replete with pathos, and with that deep expression of melancholy which the poetry conveys. The accompaniment, too, is distinguished by a classic and scientific treatment. We are not sure, however, whether the frequent *unisono* progress of *both hands* in broken chords produces that satisfactory result which the author evidently anticipated. For the third air, "There is a flower," we conceive a different musical metre would have been more suitable. The melody is tender and expressive. The fourth song, "Pensive child of beauty," is an excellent composition. Deeply affecting, full of noble musical feeling, and highly seasoned with scientific harmony, it confers honour on its author, who seems to have had Mozart for his model in some parts of its construction. In the latter part of this air, although marked in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, the melody evidently proceeds in $\frac{4}{8}$.

Although this publication is not unfit for the piano-forte, is is obviously written for the harp. In the accompaniments of the three first songs, a little variety of character would have been advantageous, to relieve occasionally the arpeggios.

Kenilworth Castle, Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed by G. Nicks. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The introductory adagio in C and $\frac{4}{4}$ time, although not conceived in an elevated style of expression, is satisfactory, with the exception of the third bar in the fourth line, the first half of which is somewhat harsh, chiefly on account of the fifths A D and E A in the inner parts; a descending series of $^{6}_{3}$ chords would perhaps have been more to the purpose. The succeeding allegretto is constructed on a lively and pretty walz theme, which, in its progress (*p.* 4), is varied into fluent quick passages, and in *p.* 5 thrown into triplets of good effect. The music (*p.* 6), although quite in the usual style of minor melodies, is proper, and adequately treated in the bass part. The piece concludes with a further variation of the theme, represented under demisemiquaver passages, which are well arranged, and infuse spirit into the termination. The whole is within the sphere of moderate players.

*** *We have to acknowledge several musical communications, the consideration of which we are obliged to defer to our next number, owing to the pressure of prior transmissions.*

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The admirers of Mozart will learn with pleasure, that this country is now, and has been for some time, in possession of a considerable number of the original and autographic manuscripts of some of his best works. Although they are written with much neatness,

they still contain numerous corrections, the consideration of which forms not only an object of curious inquiry, but a highly profitable study to the incipient composer. We understand that the collection is to be forthwith brought to the hammer in separate lots.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 35.—EVENING DRESS.

A PALE blush-coloured gauze dress over a white satin slip; it is cut very low round the bust, the waist very short. The skirt is ornamented with an intermixture of white satin and moss roses, which surmounts a new and most fanciful trimming, composed of the same material as the dress: there are two falls of this trimming on the skirt, and the body and sleeves are ornamented to correspond; the latter are very short. Head-dress the Gloucester turban, composed of white gauze, which is laid on very full; the fulness confined by bands of pearl. A plume of ostrich feathers falls over to the left side. Pearl necklace and ear-rings. White kid gloves. White satin slippers, embroidered to correspond with the roses of the dress.

PLATE 36.—MORNING DRESS.

A round dress composed of jaconot muslin; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with an intermixture of tucks and embroidery. The body is perfectly novel; it is a three-quarter height, and displays the whole of the throat and a little of the neck: it is composed of the same material as the dress, and is formed to the shape, in a manner at once singular and becoming, by bands of letting-in lace; it is also profusely ornamented with lace, which is set on very full. Long full sleeve, the fulness confined by a tasteful cuff, which is finished by a lace ruffle. Head-dress the Marlborough cap, composed of white lace, ornamented with full-blown roses and blush-coloured satin ribbon. For the form of this elegant cap, which is perfectly in the English style, we refer our readers to our print. The hair is parted in front so as to display a little of the forehead, and curled lightly over the temples. Necklace and ear-rings white cornelian mixed with gold. White kid slippers and gloves.

We are indebted to the elegant taste of Mrs. Marchant of 40, Gerrard-street, Soho, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The present month is one that, generally speaking, affords little room either for observation or description; and the badness of the weather since our last number has prevented even the slight alterations which generally take place in the promenade costume.

For the carriage dress, the most elegant novelty is a pelisse composed of clear muslin, and lined with coloured sarsnet; pale pink, azure, lilac, and green, are the favourite colours for linings. The

body is full; the seams of the back and shoulders are formed of letting-in lace; three strips of muslin, cut byas and sewed to letting-in lace, form the front. The collar is very novel and pretty; it is a fulness of muslin, interspersed with letting-in lace, which stands out from the neck. The trimming is composed of large slashes of clear muslin quartered with letting-in lace, and each slash finished by a narrow edging. Plain long sleeve, with a small cuff, entirely composed of letting-in lace. The general effect of this pelisse is very tasteful and striking.

The Marlborough spencer, which we described last month, has lost nothing of its celebrity; it is now adopted in coloured satin. White satin spencers, made tight to the shape, and profusely trimmed with white lace, are also much worn.

We noticed the other day on a lady of high rank a very novel and pretty hat; it was composed of straw and ribbon platted together: the straw was white, the ribbon lilac, to match the spencer worn with it. The shape a plain round hat turned up in front, lined with white satin, and ornamented with white feathers.

Muslin is now the only thing worn by *élégantes* of any taste for the morning costume. Tucks appear likely to have as great a run as French bonnets; for the last three months nothing else has been adopted in dishabille. There is very little variation in the bodies of dresses: backs still continue very broad, and waists are as short as ever.

The most novel morning dress that we have noticed, was one the body of which was tucked byas, and between every third row of tucks was a row of leaves formed of lace. This dress had no collar; a double row of lace went round the neck, with a *bouillon* of white satin placed between. The sleeves correspond with the body; they were finished by a small cuff edged with narrow lace. The trimming of the skirt consisted of a piece of muslin tucked byas, about a quarter of a yard in breadth, finished at the bottom by a deep flounce of worked muslin, and surmounted by a letting-in lace.

We have in one of our prints presented our fair readers with the most novel and elegant dinner dress of the month. There is no alteration in the materials of dinner dress, and frocks continue still fashionable amongst the most tonish *élégantes*. Coloured sarsnets, tucked with byas white satin, the tucks about an inch in depth, and each tuck surmounted by a pointed silk trimming, either white, or corresponding in colour with the dress, are considered very elegant; but muslin is more in requisition than any thing else with *belles* of the first circles.

We have nothing novel to observe respecting the bodies of frocks, except that short sleeves appear to be more generally adopted than they have been for some time.

Next in favour to the full dress which we have presented to our readers in our print, is a blue crape dress, finished round the bottom by festoons of white satin and white net, each festoon fastened by a white bead or pearl rose. The body, which is cut extremely low, is composed of folds of blue satin and white net intermingled, and the

shape of the front is formed by these folds descending on each side of a white satin stomacher. A full quilling of blond goes round the bust. The sleeve, which is very short, is composed of blue satin, covered with festoons of white net, each festoon fastened up with a small pearl or bead rose.

Crape, gauze, white satin, and *tulle*, are all in favour for full dress; gauze is in particular estimation. We have seen several different sorts of fancy gauze which are just introduced, and which are much superior to those of France.

The hair in full dress is so variously arranged, that it would be difficult to say what is the prevailing fashion: generally speaking, however, the hair is dressed low, at least comparatively so, to what it was some time back. Some ladies arrange their hair in full curls on the temples, while the hind hair is disposed in bows of a moderate height; others dispose a part of the front hair in light ringlets on each cheek; the remainder is braided over the forehead, and the hind hair is partly platted, partly disposed in tufts, round which the plats are twisted. We have noticed a few *belles* with an immense tuft of hair on the left side, and the front hair curled very full, with braids passed through the curls. Flowers are very generally adopted by youthful *belles*, but *toques*, turbans, and white satin dress hats, are much in request with matronly ladies. Some married ladies, particularly young ones, prefer flowers to any covering for the head. Bandeaus and sprigs of pearl are in very high estimation.

Cornettes are adopted in half dress even by the most youthful *belles;* and we see with pleasure, that some milliners of good taste, among whom we may reckon the lady to whom we are indebted for our dresses this month, have invented a style of making them which may be termed purely English: it has all the elegant simplicity which should distinguish head-dresses for half dress; and as the mania for every thing French seems to be pretty well over, we have no doubt that it will soon become general.

The most fashionable walking shoes are now made extremely high on the instep, and to lace on each side: they are, in general, of kid, to correspond with the dress, for the promenade, and of stout silk for the carriage costume.

Fashionable colours for the month are, evening primrose, azure, pale pink, pearl grey, green, brown, and lemon-colour.

We are sorry that we cannot oblige a correspondent who wishes for a description of the *corset des Grâces.* The lady is right in supposing, that it is constructed on an entirely novel principle, but we are not at liberty to enter into any explanation respecting it.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 21.

My dear SOPHIA,

SINCE I wrote last, our promenade costume has lost much of its variety; for the morning walk our fair fashionables generally adopt pelisses and *capotes* of cambric muslin, and for the evening promenade

levantine spencers are universal.—The form of the cambric pelisse, though simple, is becoming and gentlewomanly. The waist is of a moderate length; the back, plain at top, has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist in the body, and a great deal in the skirt, as the whole fulness of the latter is thrown behind. Plain long sleeve, so tight as to display the shape of the arm, and finished at the wrist by a profusion of small tucks; eight or ten tucks go round the bottom and up the front of the pelisse, and a very large pelerine is tucked to correspond. The under-dress, which is also of cambric muslin, is tucked in a similar manner, and finished by a scolloped muslin flounce at bottom. The *capote* is a large walking bonnet, composed also of cambric muslin; the brim, which is a plain round shape, is finished at the edge by a double row of narnow scolloped lace. The crown is small and round; it is ornamented at the top by two squares of muslin placed one above another, and each edged to correspond with the front. An enormous lace ruff is an indispensable appendage to this dress.

Spencers have very little novelty; they are braided in front, and ornamented with Spanish buttons. A small collar, which stands up behind, displays the fore part of the throat; this collar is finished by several rows of lace set on very full.

White is, generally speaking, more fashionable than any thing else for the promenade. The bottoms of dresses continue to be trimmed with an intermixture of tucks and *bouillons*; some ladies prefer tucks only, with a single flounce of deep work or lace at the bottom.

There is too much uniformity in our promenade dresses, but the variety displayed in the head-dresses is greater then I remember to have seen since my arrival here. Leghorn, white, and yellow straw and chip, are all worn in hats; as is also a new and very beautiful material: it is a tissue composed of straw and silk. Leghorn hats are generally trimmed with gauze, a piece of which, in the form of a scarf, is fancifully twisted round the crown, and tied sometimes at the side, sometimes in front. White straw hats, lined with gold-colour, are very numerous; they are generally adorned with bunches of ribbon cut in the shape of endive, and frequently finished round the brim with a small wreath of endive to correspond: they are trimmed also with lilac, green, and rose-coloured ribbon, and sometimes, but not often, with flowers.

White straw hats lined with satin, and adorned with a diadem of white roses without leaves, are much in request, and are certainly simply elegant. Yellow split straw hats are worn without lining; they are finished round the edge by a quilling of blond, in the middle of which is a row of very small *bouillons* of white or yellow satin. These hats are always ornamented with Marabout feathers.

Now for the *capotes:* the one I have spoken of in cambric muslin, is very fashionable for dishabille, but they are worn also in satin, in *gros de Naples*, and in gauze; some *élégantes* sport *capotes* of tartan silk of a large pattern. The favourite colours are amaranth and green.

I was interrupted by our friend Mrs. Welby, who has just paid me a visit. You know she prides herself on always dressing in the extreme of the fashion; and her head-dress to-day was a large *chapeau* composed of white crape, striped with broad fine yellow split straw. The front was finished round the edge by *bouillons* of crape, each *bouillon* formed by a narrow band of white satin. The crown was trimmed round the top by puffs of gauze, of a most extravagant height. A very large garland of various flowers placed exactly in front, completed this fantastic head-dress, which, on the short clumsy figure of our pretty little friend, had an effect truly ludicrous.

Striped muslin dresses are very much worn for dishabille; rose-colour is considered most fashionable. They are still made loose in the body; a sash of rose-colour confines them at the waist. A small falling collar, bound with rose-coloured ribbon, displays almost the whole of the throat. The long sleeve, which still continues nearly tight to the arm, is finished at the wrist by three or four plaitings of ribbon, and three narrow flounces of the same material as the dress, forms the trimming of the skirt.

Tulle is once more in the highest estimation for full dress; white satin continues to be much worn, but the material most in requisition for married ladies, is coloured satin. The robe *à la Niobe* is very much admired; it is a short open robe, worn over a white lace body, which is made rather high round the bust, so as only partially to display the neck. The robe is made very low, and slopes down on each side of the bosom till it just meets in front; it is about half a quarter of a yard shorter than the petticoat.

The trimmings of these robes are generally blond, but embroidery either of silk or chenille is sometimes adopted by those ladies who are looked upon as leaders of fashion. The sleeves, which are very short, are always composed of blond, and are frequently looped with pearl.

I perceive, my dear Sophia, that I have forgotten to speak of the alteration which has taken place in the form of hats and bonnets. The crowns of the latter are much lower, and the fronts, which are very large, are always round; the edge of the brim no longer turns up, and they are worn so as nearly to conceal the face.

There is much variety in the shapes of hats; the very small ones have totally disappeared. The brims of some come down at the sides to the chin, and are turned up in front. Others, and those in my opinion the prettiest, have a small low crown. The front, which is very large, is open, so that part comes down on one side and the remainder turns up. These hats tie under the chin by a ribbon passed through a space which is left open in the side.

To return to the evening costume: all dresses are worn much higher round the bust than when I wrote last; lace pelerines, which have given place to quillings of *tulle*, or blond and *bouillons*, have declined in estimation: they are still, however, partially worn; sometimes they surmount falls of blond or Mechlin lace; they are used

likewise to form draperies of *tulle:* but the most elegant ornament for these draperies is composed of pearl, in the form of a shell.

You have seen, I suppose, in the papers the intended nuptials of the Princess Charlotte of Prussia with the Grand-Duke Nicholas, and as her highness has all her nuptial paraphernalia from Paris, I shall describe to you such of the dresses as seem to me most elegant.

One of the court dresses is a robe of rose-coloured velvet, of an amazing length; the trimming is a superb embroidery of a large pattern, wrought in white silk intermixed with pearls.

Another of these robes is composed of French cachemire, which I have forgot to tell you is brought here to the greatest perfection; the trimming is a superb embroidery in gold.

An evening robe composed of *tulle,* the trimming a wreath of ivy-leaves intermixed with silver lamas, struck me as peculiarly beautiful.

A magnificent round dress, composed of silver tissue, and embroidered in small gold flowers; the trimming a garland of daisies, embroidered also in gold, and draperies of gold fringe.

One of the prettiest of the round dresses is composed of *tulle:* the front of this dress is ornamented with three rows of white satin slashes. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a trimming of chenille mixed with pearl.

A ball-dress, the ground *tulle,* thickly embroidered with silver roses and lama. The trimming of the bottom was a garland of silver roses of a larger pattern.

There are several others, and every one of these dresses has a head-dress to correspond. Nothing can be more superb than the materials, but I must own I think the court dresses have rather a heavy effect. The French are so fond of ornament, that they are apt to overload their dresses. This is a fault which the Duchess of Berri never falls into; her elegant taste enables her to blend what is most becoming in the French and English fashions, and to form for herself a style of dress at once becoming, tasteful, and magnificent.

But to return to my subject, which, to say the truth, I am too apt to run away from: no change has taken place in *coeffures,* either for full or half dress, since my last; except that flowers have superseded feathers in the former. Our full-dress shoes, which are always composed of white satin or spotted silk, are made very unbecomingly high about the instep; those for the promenade are of coloured leather or stout silk, to correspond with the dress.

Gold-colour, rose-colour, lilac, light green, amaranth red, and azure, are all fashionable this month. Farewell, my dear Sophia! Believe me always your affectionate

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 34.—GOTHIC CHIMNEYPIECE IN MONA MARBLE.

THIS design is suitable to the dining-parlour of a mansion in the Gothic style of architecture, the parts being selected from the best works of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The fire-grate

is also composed to assimilate with the general character of such a building; with which, indeed, every part of the furniture should accord, as few things are so disgusting to the eye of taste as the incongruous mixture which is often seen, even in expensively furnished houses, where the Grecian and Gothic, the Roman and the Chinese styles are absurdly jumbled together. As the Gothic forms admit of a very splendid decoration in point of colour, the Mona marble for that purpose is a useful material in the hands of a tasteful architect.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has in the press, a very concise *Treatise on Perspective;* illustrated with plates and examples, by Mr. Wells, drawing-master to the Blue-Coat School.

The same publisher has in great forwardness, Six Views, in colours, of the Principal Buildings in London; viz. *the Bank, the Royal Exchange, the India-House, the Custom-House, the Horse-Guards, and Somerset-House* from Waterloo bridge; which will appear early in June.

Mr. Ackermann is also preparing a *Picturesque View of the comparative Heights of the principal Mountains in the World,* with a key; and two large Portraits of *P. P. Rubens* and *his second Wife.*

Mr. Britton's third number of *Illustrations of Winchester Cathedral,* containing six engravings of that interesting church, is just ready for delivery.

The sixth number of Havell's *Views of Seats,* containing engravings, with historical and descriptive Accounts of Buckingham-House and Holland-House in Middlesex, will appear in a few days. The former is displayed as a winter scene, with skaters, &c. from a fine drawing by John Burnett; and the latter from a drawing by the late Joseph Clarendon Smith.—Both the accounts are from the pen of Mr. Britton.

The Rev. John Evans of Islington has in the press, *An Excursion to Windsor,* interspersed with anecdotes historical and biographical, for the improvement of the rising generation: to which will be annexed, *The Journal of a Trip to Paris,* through Brussels and Waterloo, in the autumn of 1816, by John Evans, jun.

Speedily will be published, *Memoirs and Remains of the late Rev. Charles Buck;* containing copious extracts from his diary, and interesting letters to his friends: interspersed with various observations, explanatory and illustrative of his character and works, by John Styles, D. D.

Mr. Nicholas will publish in the course of this month, in two vols. 8vo. *The Journal of a Voyage to New Zealand,* in company with the Rev. Samuel Marsden; with an account of the state of that country and its productions, the characters of its inhabitants, their manners, customs, &c.

Mr. John Bigland will shortly publish, an *Historical Display of the Effects of Physical and Moral Causes on the Character and Circumstances of Nations:* including a Compa-

rison of the Ancients and Moderns in regard to their Intellectual and Social State.

The British Lady's Magazine will in future be conducted on a new plan, and embellished every month with at least three engravings of novel and fashionable subjects, and a piece of original music.

Mr. William Phillips, author of the Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology, &c. will publish next month a small duodecimo volume, comprising *Eight Familiar Lectures on Astronomy*, delivered at Tottenham last winter to a numerous audience of young persons. It will contain the requisite diagrams and illustrations; and being intended for the initiation of the young, and for those who are unacquainted with the science, its numerous terms are as much as possible avoided, and such as cannot be avoided, are fully explained in these lectures.

Early in June will be published, *Maria*, a domestic tale, in three volumes, by Catherine St. George.

Dr. John Clarke of Cambridge has just published, in two volumes, *Twenty-four Vocal Pieces*, with original poetry, written expressly for the work, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, Esq. John Stewart, Esq. William Smyth, Esq. James Hogg, the Scots shepherd, and Lord Byron.

Poetry.

AN ENIGMA.—*By Lord* BYRON.

'TWAS whisper'd in heav'n, and mutter'd in hell,
And Echo caught softly the sound as it fell;
In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confest;
'Twas seen in the light'ning, and heard in the thunder,
'Twill be found in the spheres when riven asunder;
It was given to man with his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth, and attends him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth;
It begins ev'ry hope, ev'ry wish it must bound,
And, though unassuming, with monarchs is crown'd;
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir;
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home;
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd;
It softens the heart, and, though deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shades let it rest like an elegant flow'r—
Oh! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

THE DREAM.

Once I'd a dream that seem'd so sweet,
So wild, and yet so dear,
That if my pen my wishes meet,
My Mary's heart 'twill cheer.

Methought I trod on heav'nly ground,
An angel was my friend;
Methought I heard a dulcet sound,
Sweet as the harp could lend.

Thou, Mary, wert the airy form
That watch'd my ev'ry thought;
With thee I fear'd no passing storm,
Thy presence rapture brought.

"Oh! never can my heart forget"
That eye of liquid blue;
A form more lovely never yet
My happiest fancy drew.

Thy breath was sweeter than the rose,
Thy lips were coral red;
Each charm that angels would disclose,
On these my fancy fed.

Oh! never in the richest hours
Such blisses did I feel;
Yielding to blest devotion's powers,
Could I refuse to kneel?

I pray'd for ever to be near,
To hail so dear a friend,
Whose smile, to every virtue dear,
Would every comfort send.

Morning, alas! my vision spoil'd—
All, all was but a dream;
The joys of fancy all were foil'd,
And I a mortal seem.

No, no! it is not all a dream,
For Mary still is mine;
Her heart so true, that angels seem
To love so fair a shrine.

Long may her friendship's kindest thought
My doubtful path direct;
Long may the joy she oft has brought
My youthful hope protect.

Believe, while time shall spare my breath,
Thy friendship shall be dear;
When thy lov'd voice is closed in death,
My love shall linger near.

M. K.

SIMPLICITY.—*A Pastoral.*

Yes, here in the sylvan retreat,
Where Innocence carelessly strays,
Simplicity fixes her seat,
And numberless beauties displays.

How sweet are the nymphs in her train,
While Modesty leads them along!
How pleasing the notes of the swain
Who warbles her elegant song!

The arbours that wave in the gale,
The warblers that sing on the boughs,
The flow'rets that bloom in the dale,
The stream that enchantingly flows;

The grotto's impervious glooms,
Where thick-throbbing terror alarms;
The rock where the jessamine blooms,
Acquire from her beauty their charms.

Her manner is soft and refin'd;
She's free from affected disguise;
She's gentle, she's friendly, she's kind,
And sympathy beams in her eyes.

She's deck'd in the garments of ease;
She smiles with an innocent air,
With sweetness that always must please,
With softness becoming the fair.

Would Chloris more lovely appear,
And beauty's bright graces improve,
These magical robes let her wear,
And yield to the impulse of love.

Would Damon to glory aspire,
And swell with true ardour the strain,
Simplicity's charms must inspire,
And soften the breast of the swain.

HORACE, Book I. Ode 5.

Who, in the grotto's pleasing gloom,
Extended 'neath the rosy bower,
Breathing Arabia's soft perfume,
Trifles with thee the happy hour?

For whom, in artless beauties drest,
Do those soft ringlets shade thy face?
For whom enrobes the flowing vest,
That form so fair, in simple grace?

How oft, unused the storm to bear,
Shall he thy fickle faith deplore,
When angry tempests cloud the air,
And swept by winds the billows roar?

Who now enjoys thy smiles alone,
(Ah! ignorant of the changeful wind,)
Who fondly deems thee all his own,
Thus ever pleasing, ever kind?

The form in votive urn express'd,
Tells, that escaped the raging wave,
Suspended high my dripping vest,
To Ocean's powerful God I gave.

$(x+y)^n$.

The last stanza alludes to a custom amongst ancient sailors when preserved from shipwreck.

THE OATH.

Dearest Fanny, when justice compels us to swear,
That the oath may be safe, as we take it,
'Tis administer'd always with scrupulous care,
And we kiss holy writ, not to break it.

Now to thee, melting maid, I would fain pledge my soul,
I would swear to be Fanny's for ever;
But the oath must be seal'd, or it has no controul,
And our loves fickle fate soon might sever.

But when on your lip I request to be sworn,
And say 'tis *love's bible* so pleasing,
You turn from me, dear, with a look full of scorn,
Ev'ry hope of thy lover's soul freezing!

J. M. LACEY.

WOMAN.

Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dewdrops whose lustre illumines the thorn;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
Where no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast;
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart:
'Tis her's o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confest,
From woman receives both refinement and zest;
And adorn'd by the bays, or enwreath'd with the willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow!

SONG.—*By Mr.* LEIGH HUNT.

Hail, England, dear England, true queen of the West,
With thy fair swelling bosom, and ever-green vest:
How nobly thou sit'st in thy own steady light,
On the left of thee Freedom, and Truth on the right,
While the clouds, at thy smile, break apart and turn bright!
The Muses, full-voiced, half encircle the seat,
And Ocean comes kissing thy princely white feet.
All hail! all hail!
All hail to the beauty, immortal and free,
The only true goddess that rose from the sea.

Warm-hearted, high-thoughted, what union is thine,
Of gentle affections and genius divine!
Thy sons are true men, fit to battle with care;
Thy daughters true women, home-loving and fair,
With figures unequall'd, and blushes as rare.
E'en the ground takes a virtue that's trodden by thee,
And the slave that but touches it, starts and is free.
All hail! all hail!
All hail, queen of queens, there's no monarch beside,
But in ruling as thou dost, would double his pride.

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